

NEW YORK Saturday Journal A HOME WEEKLY

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1877, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. VIII.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams,
David Adams,
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 21, 1877.

TERMS IN ADVANCE
(One copy, four months, \$1.00
One copy, one year, 2.00
Two copies, one year, 3.50)

No. 371

LA MORGUE.

BY PAUL FELIX BROWNE.

And this is the end; for here alone
I lie at ease on a slab of stone,
No pain, no fear.
At ease I lie from the rest apart,
With a ragged knife thrust through the heart!

How queer!
How this water drips, drips,
On my stony face and lips!
How it falling, seems to say:
"He is dead and passed away—
Passed away."

And this is the end! Is't not a shame,
A man who is dead should have a brain
Thinking, throbbing?
I wonder if one who is far away,
In her dream of me at break of day,
Is sobbing?

See that shaft of moonlight crawl
Stealthy, silent down the wall!
I wonder does it come to see
What a dead man's face might be,
Might be!

How does it come I am here at rest
With this ghastly knife-wound in my breast,
Can I tell?
Was it last night in the street we met?
Do I remember her tears, her threat—
She who fell?

How she knelt to weep, to pray,
As I coldly turned away,
Did she swiftly upward start,
And with dagger reach my heart—
Was it she?

The Cretan Rover; OR, ZULEIKAH, THE BEAUTIFUL.

A Romance of the Crescent and the Cross.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE FLY-
ING YANKEE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

ZULEIKAH.

THREADING their way through the orange-embowered avenue, leading from the water to the kiask, Julian Delos and Paul Malvern slowly and cautiously approached the wing of the building designated by the Ethiopian.

A short search discovered the window, sheltered by foliage, and upon this the Cretan tapped three times as directed.

A few moments of suspense followed, and then a slide in the window was drawn aside, and a disagreeable voice asked, in the Turkish tongue:

"Who signals?"
"Friends—we come from Mesrak, the Ethiopian—we would converse with you," said the Cretan, in a whisper.

"Wait."
The slide was again closed, and a moment after they beheld a small, dark form standing by their side. So noiseless had been her approach that the two young men were momentarily startled by her sudden appearance.

"I am here—what would you?" asked the woman, whose black face was plainly visible in the starlight, and appeared strangely ugly and cunning.

But she was richly dressed, and was evidently a trusted servant of Al Sirat Pasha.

"Here, place this purse in your belt, and it may improve your bearing and oil your tongue. You are Eldrene, are you not?"

"Yes; my lord is generous with his gold. What would he have me do?"

"Answer a few questions, first—where is she who was once the favorite of Al Sirat's harem?"

"Al Sirat Pasha has had many favorites."
"True; I refer to Alfardis, of Crete?"

"Go ask the grave; she has been gone for years."

"Then Mesrak spoke the truth. Now, tell me, where is the Lady Zuleikah?"

The woman started and gazed searchingly into the face of the questioner; then she turned an earnest look upon Paul Malvern.

"What know you of the Lady Zuleikah?" she asked, after awhile.

"I know she is in the walls of this harem; she is my kindred; I would see her."

"To all who speak the language of the Turk it were useless to explain how inviolate is the sanctity of the harem."

"Yes; but gold keys will sometimes unlock portals which iron keys fail to do. Mesrak sent us to you; I have given you a purse heavy with gold. See, here is its equal if you lead me to the presence of the Lady Zuleikah."

The woman was silent for a moment and then said, slowly:

"What use will the gold serve me if my life be the forfeit?"

"None; but your life will not be the forfeit, I will double my offer to you."

"Come; I will take the risk. Ha! who is that?"



The maiden started, and half raised herself from her reclining attitude.

where my caïque now lies; by this we will save time."

A few whispered words between the two, and Captain Delos and Taras disappeared in the gloom, while Paul Malvern turned again to the cowering negress.

"I am ready to follow you now," he said, in fair Turkish.

The woman hesitated, and, seeing it, the American held up before her a bag of gold.

"See, I have your reward."
The eyes of the negress glittered avariciously, while she said:

"You risk your life—I warn you."
"I fear not to die, woman; lead on."

The woman turned and, pushing aside the shrubbery, entered a narrow doorway in the wall, which led into a narrow hall, dimly lighted by an iron lamp swung from the ceiling.

With noiseless tread the two traversed the full length of the passage-way, and then the woman halted before a heavy curtain that concealed a door.

"Stand beneath the folds of this drapery. If any one comes do not move; I will return soon."

So saying Eldrene left Paul Malvern securely hidden, and entered a door beneath the curtain.

A flood of light burst forth, but only for an instant, and then the young adventurer found himself again in dim obscurity.

As he waited in breathless silence he could almost hear the beating of his own heart; not that he feared for himself; but a dread was upon him that he might not succeed in his bold venture.

A few moments passed—an age it seemed to him—and then the light again streamed forth from the open door, and Paul turned to greet the negress.

Quickly the door closed; but in the instant of light Paul Malvern beheld that it was not the negress who stood before him; on the contrary, it was a tall, brawny Ethiopian slave.

Each man stood beneath the folds of the curtain, glaring at each other in the dim light, and then the slave sprung nimbly back, freeing himself from the curtain, and attempting to draw his scimitar.

But Paul Malvern was now thoroughly alive to his peril, and with his drawn scimitar in hand sprung upon the Ethiopian with the activity of a panther springing upon his prey.

There was a clash of steel, a dull thud, a scraping sound of steel meeting bone, a heavy fall, a deep groan, a dragging up of the limbs, and the Ethiopian's days on earth had ended.

Hastily dragging the body against the wall, Paul concealed it beneath the trailing folds of the heavy curtain, and again took his stand, just as the door opened, and Eldrene stood before him.

"Come!"

It was all she said, and obeying, the young man stepped into the brightly-lighted room.

"The slave did not see you. I feared all was lost when he passed through. He is the night guard," said Eldrene, and terror was yet visible upon her face.

"He said nothing to me," evasively replied Paul, and he glanced around him, and discovered that he was in what appeared to be a large anteroom, brightly lighted by a swinging silver lamp, filled with scented oil, that caused a pleasant fragrance through the chamber.

"Beneath yonder curtain is a door; it leads into the chamber of the Lady Zuleikah. Be

careful not to startle her, and cause her to cry out. Give me your gold; I have done my part of the agreement."

"But you will remain to guide me hence?"
"No; you know the way. Give me my gold."

Paul Malvern hesitated, for he knew not but that, after all, the negress might prove a traitress.

After a few seconds of thought, he said:
"Eldrene, are you aware where Mesrak is?"

"He is in no danger, is he?" queried the woman, in sudden fright.

"Is he ought to you?"
"He is all to me; he is my son," she cried, earnestly.

"Well, he is in no danger if I return safe to my companions; but if harm befall me, he will lose his life."

Whether the negress had intended treachery before, it were hard to tell; but certain it is that all thought of it fled from her mind at the danger of her son, and she replied:

"I will await you here and guide you out; go."

Without hesitation Paul Malvern drew aside the velvet hangings and opened the door.

Before him hung, upon the other side, a velvet curtain, fringed with gold, and worked in silver thread.

Through the folds of velvet, after closing the door behind him, he gazed into the room.

It was a chamber of large size, carpeted with mossy matting, and furnished with an oriental luxuriance that was most inviting.

Through the chamber floated a balmy atmosphere most delightful to the olfactory, and upon all rested a dreamy voluptuousness that made the senses languid, and invited repose.

Upon a mass of silken and velvet cushions, in one corner of the room, half reclined a female form—that of a young girl who seemed scarcely more than sixteen years of age.

Her recumbent position displayed her faultless form to perfection, for she was attired richly in silken trousers, clasped with gold buckles above the ankles, while the caftan of dark velvet added to the beauty of her complexion.

Her face was pale, nay, white as snow, in its purity, and every feature formed in a perfect mold, while her eyes were large, dark, and dreamy to sadness.

Her lips, slightly parted, displayed perfect teeth, and her hair, amber in hue, hung in luxuriant masses all around her.

Upon her arms were heavy bracelets of gold, studded with gems, and upon her feet were sandals loosely laced.

A more bewitching vision of beauty never before burst upon the gaze of mortal man, and Paul Malvern almost believed himself in a dream.

Could this enchanting scene, this fragrant air, this luxury, and this angelic being be real? he thought.

For some moments he stood in silent admiration, unable to move or speak.

Then there gradually stole over him a remembrance of his peril and his mission, and he called, in the language of the Turk:

In an instant the maiden was upon her feet, and turning aside the heavy folds of the curtain, Paul Malvern stood before her.

At suddenly beholding a man before her—a stranger, and evidently one who was neither Greek or Turk—Zuleikah started back with a half cry of alarm. As she did so, old Eldrene burst into the room, while there broke from her lips three words:

"We are lost!"

CHAPTER VI.

ROBBING A HAREM.

THE intrepidity of Paul Malvern's character at once displayed itself at the sudden appearance of the negress, who had burst into the room with the startling cry upon her lips.

Zuleikah, wholly unmoved, sunk back upon the luxurious couch of cushions; but Paul at once placed himself in front of her, his drawn scimitar in one hand, a revolver in the other.

"What is the danger, woman?" he asked, calmly.

"Poor Balzac has been slain. We are discovered, and guards are now lying in wait to seize you as you go out. They doubtless thought that Balzac let you in."

"By Balzac do you mean he whom you told me was the night-guard?" asked Paul.

"Yes. He lies in his blood in the hall-way!"

"Have no fear, if that is the cause of your alarm. He discovered me beneath the curtain, attempted to attack me, and I killed him."

Zuleikah shuddered, while old Eldrene said, with anger:

"And what will be thought when he is found?"

"That he died like a good sentinel upon his post. I have heard that wealthy Turks keep their golden treasures hidden in their harems; doubtless your master does the same, and it will be thought that Balzac was attacked by those who would rob the pasha of his treasure. He certainly met his death at the hands of one who shall rob his harem of its brightest jewel."

"What mean you?" asked the old negress.

"Simply that the Lady Zuleikah was stolen from her home by your cruel master, and that I have come to take her back to her friends."

"Oh, God! if you will do this, upon my bended knees will I thank you, signor," and the beautiful maiden threw herself down before Paul, who quickly raised her, and turned upon the negress, who had drawn a jeweled dagger, and with blazing eyes was advancing upon him.

"Back, woman!" and one wave of the scimitar struck the gleaming dirk from the woman's hand.

"One cry, one move on your part, and I will kill you as I did Balzac. I will not be thwarted now," and Paul Malvern's eyes flashed fire.

The negress shrunk back, her hand numbened by the blow; but she said, savagely:

"You did not say that you wished to rob the harem of the Lady Zuleikah; you only wished to see her."

"Did you believe me a fool to leave her here to become the toy of a cruel Turk? Hold! you will remain here. If you attempt to leave this room I will end your days, woman though you be; and have you forgotten that if harm befalls me your son's moments on earth are numbered?"

A look of piteous entreaty came over the black face, and sinking upon her knees she elevated her hands, her lips moving, yet utter-

ing no word. The thought of her son's danger had conquered her.

"Lady, I left your kinsman, Julian, only a few moments since. He was coming to rescue you himself, but was unexpectedly called away, and I have come to save you in his stead: will you trust yourself to me?"

"I am an American, whose life your kinsman saved, and I am now enlisted under the same banner as himself. Will you trust yourself with me, fair lady?"

The tears rushed into the eyes of Zuleikah, and, with her face radiant with joy, she cried:

"Go with you? Yes, to the ends of the earth, if you will only take me from this place."

Paul's heart bounded—he felt that he was in dangerous company for his own peace of mind, and said, quickly:

"Throw around your shoulders some mantle, lady, and make what preparations you desire."

Zuleikah at once set to work, and, though scowled upon by Eldrene, was soon in readiness, and crept to the side of her preserver.

"Woman, you lead the way, and beware of treachery," said Paul, sternly, and silently and sullenly the negress obeyed.

Passing out of the door, they traversed the ante-chamber and soon found themselves in the passage-way, where the form of the dead Ethiopian lay, half-enveloped in the curtain.

Paul felt Zuleikah shudder as her eyes fell upon the body, but he drew her closer to his side, and rapidly threaded the long passage-way.

At the outer door the negress drew back, and said, harshly:

"Now you can be your own guide; give me my gold."

"I will when we are free. Come with me to the water's edge."

The woman muttered a curse and walked on in front, going down the orange avenue, as Paul directed her.

A short walk brought them to the banks of the Bosphorus, and here, to his surprise, almost terror, Paul Malvern discovered no boat awaiting him.

But he kept back his surprise, and said, quietly:

"Woman, lead to the landing-stairs of the knak."

The negress walked off, and the two followed her along the shore, until the marble stairway was reached.

Here lay a half-dozen caïques, or barges, and selecting one of the smallest, Paul drew it alongside the steps and aided Zuleikah therein.

Then he turned to the negress and said:

"Here is the purse I promised you. Make up what story you please about the dead slave—when I am in safety your dead son will return to you."

So saying he sprang into the caïque and seized the oars, while Eldrene weighed the heavy gold in her hand, and said, gruffly:

"See that my son returns to me—or I'll spend this gold in tracking you to death."

"So be it, woman," and thus saying Paul sent the light craft off from the shore with one vigorous stroke of the oars.

As he did so two forms arose in one of the barges, and, beholding them and believing all discovered, Eldrene cried out:

"Seize him, slaves—he has robbed the harem."

Instantly the two slaves sprang to their feet, the starlight displaying their black faces and white costumes, while they seemed anxious to make up for their having been asleep on their posts by capturing the bold raider of a pasha's harem.

Seeing their intention, Paul Malvern gave one more vigorous pull at his oars, and then the starlight gleamed upon a pistol in his outstretched hand.

Then followed a flash, a ringing, echoing report, a wild death-shriek, a splash in the water, and again silence.

Once more he bent to his oars, with one word of comfort to the crouching Zuleikah, and like an arrow from the bow the light caïque shot down the Bosphorus, keeping close in under the shadow of the trees along the bank.

But the shot had alarmed the inmates of the kiask; lights flashed hither and thither, and the shrill voice of the old negress called for aid, and hurrying feet were heard rushing toward the landing.

But, pulling with herculean strength, Paul Malvern sent the caïque flying from the scene of danger, and soon the sounds died away in the distance.

A short, hard pull and he left the shadow of the trees, and struck boldly out into the Bosphorus, heading for the anchorage of the yacht.

Behind him, far off on the waters, were visible several moving objects, which he knew to be boats in search of him; but with a mile's start he did not fear them, and kept swiftly on toward the spot where he had left the vessel.

Why he had not found a boat awaiting him, or why if Captain Delos could not return he had not sent Taras to meet him, he could not conjecture; but that all would in the end be well he had not the slightest doubt, and spoke cheerfully to his fair companion, who certainly displayed considerable nerve in the trying ordeal in which she found herself.

Having rowed for half an hour, and feeling that he must be near the vessel, Paul momentarily rested upon his oars, and turned to glance about for the yacht.

To his surprise she was not visible.

"Can I have missed my bearings?" he muttered, and again he bent a searching glance around him.

"No, she was anchored about half a dozen cables' length off the seraglio, and yonder tower that dark pile—by Heaven! she has gone."

Again he strained his eyes in every direction, and his face became cold with dread, his hands almost nerveless, for he felt that the yacht had certainly gone; he was upon the Bosphorus in an open boat—his only companion a beautiful girl whom he had boldly rescued from a harem's walls.

Here and there upon the starlit waters were his pursuers; heaven, he knew of none; what to do he could not tell; to be captured was certain death to both.

The thought was terrible, yet true, and in almost despair the brave man bent his head, hardly daring to speak or to look upon the fair girl whom he had brought forth from a life of gilded misery to face a horrible death.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FUGITIVES.

ALTHOUGH at first almost overwhelmed with the perilous situation he found himself in, Paul Malvern soon rallied, and his intrepid nature once more arose to meet any crisis that might come.

Had he been alone upon the Bosphorus, he would have enjoyed the danger; but with a young girl relying upon him for protection, and deserted by the yacht, with no place of refuge, he felt indeed the fearful responsibility falling upon him.

"Were we not to have met my cousin here? Did you not say that his yacht was anchored off the seraglio?" asked the musical tones of Zuleikah.

"Yes, fair lady; but some sudden danger has caused your cousin to put to sea, I fear, for I can nowhere discover his vessel; but do not despair; I will do all in my power to save you from capture, and in time all will come well. I hope you do not believe me guilty of having deceived you," and Paul spoke with great earnestness.

"No, oh! no; you would not do that—I believe, as you say, that some danger has caused my cousin to fly; he will return; but where shall we go? See, those boats are coming closer."

That was the question which Paul was striving in vain to answer; when should they go? Suddenly a thought flashed upon him—he would go to an inn where, in better days, he had passed much of his time.

When poverty overtook him, he had not gone back to the inn, so that the worthy host did not know him as other than a guest with means.

Instantly determining upon his course, he seized the oars once more, and again the light caïque was flying over the waters; and not an instant too soon, for in his moments of apathy two pursuing barges had approached quite near to him.

Finding that he would be pursued, Paul determined to land, and fly through the streets of the town, and thus elude his followers.

A few strong strokes brought him to a stone stairway descending into the water, and here he quickly sprang ashore, at the same time aiding Zuleikah to a footing on the steps.

"Come, lady, we must hasten," and drawing her hand within his arm, he strode rapidly away, turning the nearest corner, to come full upon a patrol of guards, who had evidently been watching his approach from the river.

"Inshallah! who are you?" exclaimed one of the guards, evidently an officer.

Paul threw himself upon the offensive, and with his drawn scimitar, commanded, sternly: "Stand aside! I pass here. He who attempts to bar my way does so at his peril!"

The Turks shrunk back momentarily, for the tall form, bared scimitar, flashing eyes and brave manner of the American awed them; but the next instant the party in pursuit, five black slaves, dashed up, and Paul found himself between two foes, immeasurably his superior in numbers.

Yet still he stood at bay, determined not to yield without a struggle, and his gleaming scimitar was held on guard.

"He has robbed the harem of his lordship, Al Sirat Pasha, of one of his most beautiful ladies; he must restore her, and suffer death for his temerity," said the knave of the slaves, in an angry tone, yet at the same time keeping at a respectful distance from the sweep of Paul's scimitar.

"If you have done this, signor, your death is assured. Return the maid to the knave, and I will claim you as a prisoner," said the officer of the guard.

"The ring! try the ring," whispered Zuleikah, earnestly, into the ear of Paul, as she clung to him.

"The ring? What ring?" answered Paul, at a loss to understand the words of the maiden.

"The ring on your left little finger. It is a signet; try its virtue," and Zuleikah placed her hand upon a small seal ring that glittered in the light of the lamp upon the hand of her pursuer.

Yet Paul seemed still at a loss to comprehend her, until Zuleikah repeated, more earnestly than before:

"Try the ring. Demand to go unmolested by virtue of the signet ring you wear."

Feeling that there was some good reason for the maiden's words, although at a loss to understand why, Paul seized upon the hint, and holding forth his hand he said, sternly:

"Respect this signet, and allow me to pass with her whom I protect."

Holding out his hand as he spoke, he turned the ring so that the lantern's light fell full upon it.

The officer of the guard stepped forward, glanced upon the ring, and then bent low in obeisance, while he responded in most humble tones:

"I respect the signet, your Highness; pass on! God is great."

With amazement he could scarcely conceal, Paul Malvern lowered his scimitar, saluted the officer, and drawing the arm of Zuleikah closer in his own, walked rapidly away, leaving the guard and the group of slaves in respectful attitude, watching his departure.

A walk of half an hour through the deserted streets of Constantinople brought him to a spacious building, which he seemed to know well.

Knocking at a small doorway, Paul drew Zuleikah into the shadow, and awaited a response to his summons at the portal.

It soon came in the person of a Turk, who inquired what was wanted.

"You remember me, Abdallah? I seek chambers for myself and a lady who is with me. See that no one knows of my coming here," said Paul, stepping forward where the light of the hall lamp fell upon him.

"The signor American! It shall be as you direct. Come in," and the host threw open the door, and the fugitives passed within, to find themselves, a few moments after, in most comfortable rooms.

"Here, lady, you can rest, and to-morrow I will endeavor to find some means of escape from this hated city; for I cannot believe that Captain Delos has gone off without leaving some word for me. Should you need me, I am within the adjoining room," and Paul bowed low to the maiden, who had thrown herself, as though fatigued, upon a pile of silken cushions.

"Signor, I beg that you will not expose yourself to danger. Be careful, even though you wear the sultan's private signet upon your hand."

"The sultan's private signet?" said Paul, with surprise, looking attentively at the ring upon his finger.

"Yes; are you ignorant of it? Nay, you must be, for to night you seemed not to know its virtue," and Zuleikah gazed earnestly into the handsome, puzzled face of the American, who replied:

"Lady, this ring is all I held of value in the wide world, last night. I had even forgotten its possession, until changing my clothes for this uniform, the past day; I found it stowed away in an obscure pocket of my vest; how I became possessed of it is a long and mayhap interesting story, which, if time hangs heavy on our hands to-morrow, I will explain. Now I will let you retire to rest, for sadly you need it; but to your ready wit I owe it that we were extricated from our peril to-night, for frankly I confess I knew not that the ring had any power."

"It has wonderful power. There are but three of those signets in existence, and every officer of the sultan knows their virtue and is compelled to respect it. One of those rings the sultan wears, the second was given to Al Sirat Pasha, and his harem favorite wears it, and there I saw it and learned its power. The third you have on your finger. With it in your possession you wield immense influence here in this land of the Turk."

Paul made no reply, but, dazed, almost, by what he had heard, and believing, after his experience of the past twenty-four hours, that he was living in a land of magic and mystery, as it were, he bowed low to his beautiful companion and retired to his own chamber, where for hours he turned about on his soft couch, his brain and heart on fire with the whirlwind of thoughts that crowded upon him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COUNCIL OF PLOTTERS.

WITH a feeling of unrest Paul Malvern was early astir, and, samtering forth to have a glance over the Bosphorus to see if the sails of the yacht greeted his eyes.

Obtaining a position where he had a full view of the Bosphorus he looked long and searchingly around for the Silver Scimitar, as Julian Delos had named his vessel; but nowhere was she visible.

Other craft in numbers were dotting the sun-gilded waters of the Golden Horn and Bosphorus, but nowhere could the slender masts and trim hull of the yacht be discerned.

"Masallah! does the signet seek the flag of his nation at the peak of some vessel on the bosom of the Bosphorus?"

Paul turned quickly upon the speaker, and beheld a man whose dark hair and eyes, classical features and general bearing denoted him as a Greek of the higher order.

"I seek a vessel that but yesterday lay off this point. She is not at her anchorage to-day," he replied, quietly, and with a show of no particular interest.

"A vessel carrying the ensign of Great Britain—a trim-looking cruiser?"

"Doubtless; she seemed like an armed vessel."

The Greek looked fixedly into the face of Paul and then said, in an interrogatory manner:

"You are neither Turk, Armenian or Jew?"

"Neither."

"And yet not a Greek?"

"No; I am an American."

"Still you wear the uniform of an officer on board the cruiser that was anchored off here yesterday?"

Paul made no reply; he knew not how far to trust the Greek, who, after a moment's silence, continued:

"Signor, are you he whom men call Paul Malvern?"

Paul started. Had his steps been dogged? After all was he to lose his life, and, worse still, be instrumental, innocently it might be, in bringing death upon the beautiful Zuleikah?

He glanced quickly around him; none other were in sight of them, and, laying his hand upon his scimitar, he said, quietly:

"Yes; I am Paul Malvern; what would you, Signor Greek?"

"You left the vessel last night in company with Captain Delos?"

"It matters not; answer my question."

"Yes, I left the yacht last night."

"And rescued from the kiosk of Al Sirat Pasha a Cretan maiden?"

"Proceed, signor; I am all attention," quietly responded Paul, still grasping the hilt of his scimitar.

"Signor Malvern, take your hand from your weapon; I seek you, not for harm, but for your welfare. I was seeking to learn something of you, when I saw you approach this spot and gaze out upon the Bosphorus. We have never met before, yet we are brothers in arms. I am a Greek, and I bear you a message from the Signor Delos."

Still Paul would not commit himself, for the mysterious disappearance of Captain Delos, and his being in a land of strange adventures and stranger people, made him cautious, and he replied, quietly:

"Granted that I am Paul Malvern, what message do you bring me from the Signor Delos?"

The Greek gazed searchingly into his face a moment, and then said:

"You left the yacht last night, accompanied by the Signor Delos and four men; you sought the kiosk of Al Sirat Pasha, and a signal of recall being displayed from the masthead of the Silver Scimitar, the captain returned on board, leaving you to carry out his plans. Am I right, signor?"

"Proceed."

"The signal on board the yacht I caused to be displayed, for I went to tell Captain Delos to get under way at once, as a cruiser was going to anchor alongside of him, his vessel being suspected."

"The Signor Delos had just returned on board when we noticed a cruiser coming down from the Gulf of Izmid, and the cables were slipped, sail set, and the Silver Scimitar at once headed for the Sea of Marmora, leaving me in my caïque to go and look after you; but a guard-boat was watching me, and I was forced to land in Istanbul, but I have been constantly on the watch since to find you, for I learned that you escaped last night with one of the pasha's beauties. Signor, am I to be trusted now?"

"What message sent Signor Delos to me?"

"That he would await your coming in one

of the inlets on the southern shores of the Island of Lemnos."

"How am I to reach him?"

"That I will manage. A small coasting vessel shall be chartered to-day, and upon it you shall go, accompanied by two-score Franks, Greeks, Americans, and a few renegade Turks, whom we have enlisted in the Cretan service. Return to your hostelry, for I know that you have found shelter somewhere; change your uniform for the dress of a Greek, and come to my house—it is in the Jew's quarter; ask for the house of Dimitri, the Greek merchant; there you will meet others friendly to our cause, and we will decide upon how and when you must leave this nest of infidels."

Paul Malvern no longer doubted his new-found friend, and frankly held forth his hand, which the other grasped warmly.

"I will at once purchase the required costume, and join you before very long; until then adieu," and so saying, Paul walked briskly away, happy at having solved the mystery of the yacht's departure, and that he could cheer the heart of Zuleikah.

Entering a shop, he soon made the required purchases, with gold left with him by Captain Delos, and then walked rapidly back to his hostelry, where he quickly changed his clothing, and having partaken of breakfast, sought an audience with Zuleikah.

The maiden received him with a heightened color and gracious manner, and seemed even more beautiful by daylight than by lamp-light, for the beauty of her complexion was displayed to better advantage.

"Lady, I bear good news. Your cousin awaits us at an island in the Archipelago, and perhaps to-night we start to join him. I go now to meet a Greek, one of his intimate friends."

Zuleikah received the intelligence with joy, and said softly:

"Signor, I have full trust in you, and yet I long to be away from this hated land."

Paul made some gallant remark, bade the maiden have hope, and then wended his way toward the Jew's quarter of Constantinople, where, without difficulty, he found the shop of the Greek merchant.

Upon inquiry he found that the Signor Dimitri awaited him, and he was ushered into a chamber where sat a score of men drinking sherbet, and smoking their fragrant chibouques. The room was dense with perfumed tobacco smoke, yet Paul could discern at a glance that the Greek predominated among those present, while there were Jews, Franks, Americans, and one or two heavily-bearded dark-faced Turks.

"Signor American, I greet you. These are our friends, who, here under the very shadow of the Sublime Porte, are plotting to tear the brightest jewel from his crescent. Signors, this is the brave gentleman of whom I spoke—the well-trusted friend of Captain Delos," and at the words of the Greek merchant all arose to their feet and bowed, while several came forward and offered their hands in token of friendship.

In the conversation that then followed it was arranged that the Signor Dimitri should that day charter a swift sailing craft, load her with supposed goods, but in reality with supplies for the Cretans, and dispatch her to the islands in the Archipelago, on a trading voyage.

Also it was decided that she should sail at midnight, and pick up, as she sped down the Sea of Marmora, several boat-loads of men who were to be lying in wait for her, and that Paul Malvern should go in command.

"And where shall I join the craft?" asked Paul of Signor Dimitri.

"At her anchorage, just after dark," and, in a whisper, he continued, and as to your fair companion, I will give you the dress of a Greek lad for her to wear. Your bold robbery of a harem has set the people wild, and you must be very careful; her death and yours would follow your capture; but the costume I give you for her will fully disguise her."

Paul thanked the kind Greek, and a Jew present volunteering his vessel for the service, it was soon arranged, a rendezvous appointed, and the council of plotters at an end for the day.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 370.)

GREAT BATTLES OF THE OLD WORLD.—At Durban, 1346, there fell 15,000; at Halidon-hill and Agincourt, 20,000 each; at Bautzen and Lepanto, 25,000 each; at Austerlitz, Jena and Lutzen, 30,000 each; at Eylau, 60,000; at Waterloo and Quatre Bras, one engagement, 70,000; at Borodino, 80,000; at Fontenoy, 100,000; at Yarmouk, 150,000; at Chalons, no less than 300,000 of Attila's army alone. The Moors, in Spain, about the year 800, lost in one battle 70,000; in another, four centuries later, 180,000, besides 50,000 prisoners; and in a third even 200,000. Still greater was the carnage in ancient times. At Cannæ 70,000 fell. The Romans, alone, in an engagement with the Cimbric and Teutonic, lost 80,000. The Carthaginians attacked Hymera in Sicily with an army of 300,000 men, and a fleet of 2,000 ships and 3,000 transports; but not a ship or a transport escaped destruction, and of the troops only a few in a small boat reached Carthage with the melancholy tidings. Marius slew, in 149,000 Gauls, and in another 290,000. In the battle of Issus, between Alexander and Darius, 110,000 were slain; in that of Arbela, 300,000. Julius Caesar once annihilated an army of 363,000 Helvetians; in a battle with the Usipetes he slew 400,000; and on another occasion he massacred 430,000 Germans, who "had crossed the Rhine with their herds and flocks and little ones in quest of new settlements."

ROYAL CRUELTY.—Frederick the Great, throughout all his life, was fond of music. When young, he visited the house of a tradesman at Potsdam, whose daughter played upon the harpsichord, and accompanied him. Frederick's father had her delivered into the hands of the common hangman, who publicly whipped her through the streets of Potsdam. When Frederick succeeded to the crown he bestowed on her a pension of one hundred and fifty rik dollars. She was then wife to a poor carman of Berlin.

Frederick attempted to escape from court, but was prevented by the vigilance of his brutal father, who had him tried, and, according to Thiebault, intended to have him executed. His ministers were opposed to it. He was highly exasperated, and called them "a pack of scoundrels," and swore that his son should suffer death in spite of them. He had him tried a second time by a council of war. When sentence was about to be passed, the president declared that he saw no cause for passing sentence of death on him, and drawing his sword, swore he would cut off the ears of any person who differed from him in opinion. Frederick William, believing his daughter privy to her brother's intentions, beat and kicked her so violently that she would have fallen from the window, had not her mother held her by the petticoats.

THE TRAVELED MENDICANT.

BY MARCO O. ROLFE.

Aunt 'Rusha Brown is a good old soul. As you will care to meet; She lives in a house of glaring brick Around in t'other street. This fine old maid is charitable As any one can be. And she never turned a beggar off Without a cup of tea, And cookies few or many.

And a little bit of good advice Made acceptable with a penny. One day there came to the good soul's door A stout and lusty tramp; And he entered, as a shent might, With a resounding stamp. He informed the lady that he was born Late, blind, and deaf and dumb, And, for a trifle in charity, He to her house had come—Some tea and cookies many.

And a little bit of good advice Made acceptable with a penny. He told Miss 'Rusha he'd traveled far, Through many foreign lands, And with mighty Eastern potentates He off had shaken hands; And he also said he'd talked with kings, And danced at their behest; And then with moderate benefit He did of her request—Some tea and cookies many.

And a little bit of good advice Made acceptable with a penny. The good woman looked the stout tramp o'er Quite keenly through her spec's, And, out of the pocket of his coat, She drew two eucher decks! With such a brazen face, Expecting me to bestow on one Fallen so far from grace, Some tea and cookies many.

And a little bit of good advice Made acceptable with a penny? The wanderer stood quite sorrowful— Friends' pale nor flushed, But out of his sad and mournful eyes Some tears of anguish gushed; A wicked man has got, he quavered, Ag'in me, which I'll make plain to you, Or you may stop my breath With tea and cookies many.

And annoy me with your advice Without the acceptable penny. I beat him hollerin' loud and strong, And hearin' little sounds, And I could distinguish smaller specks Than any on the grounds; In a race I kept him far behind, And bore off all the stakes; And to have a vile revenge on me He this mean method takes: Give tea and cookies many.

And a little bit of good advice Made acceptable with a penny. Miss Brown wept tears of bitter shame at Thought of her unkindness Toward this man, gaunt, lame, dumb and deaf— Groping in his blindness! "Dear stricken wanderer," then spoke she, "You're welcome to my home; Oh, forgive, I pray, my thoughtlessness, And to the parlor come For tea and cookies many, And a little bit of good advice Made acceptable with a penny!"

Silver Sam;

OR,

The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CONTEST.

"COCK-A-DOODLE-DO! hyer I am, the Boss Bullwhacker of Shan—the Pet of the Niobrara—the 'burns-cortin', big-horned sheep of the Rocky Mountains! I kin grin a bar to death, I kin! I live on rattlesnakes an' drink alcohol straight!" yelled the bully, outside the saloon, but evidently right at the door. "What's the man that wars the deerskin tog? I kin eat him, I kin, o'ar from his head to his feet, barrin' the toe-nails!"

The hoarse chorus of ha, ha's that arose on the air after this startling defiance testified that the antics of the mule-driver had attracted a crowd.

"You're in for it now, old man," Hallowell observed. "It's either fight or back down!"

A peculiar light shone in Montana's dark eyes—a light that Big Lige had never before seen there.

"If the fool will have it, the consequences be on his own head!" Montana said, quietly, but there was a menace in his voice that boded no good to the bullwhacker.

"Come out, you man that fites with spilled hen-fruit—come out hyer an' let me bite your ear off!" yelled Mr. Bludsoe, at the top of his voice. "I'm the galoot that runs this hyer town. Come out, you long-haired, slab-sided son of a mule, darn ye!"

And then, as if unable to resist this pressing invitation, Montana stepped through the door of the shanty into the open air, Hallowell following closely behind.

The crowd who surrounded the capering giant in a half-circle, laughing at his antics, immediately scattered.

The bullwhacker was flourishing a big six-shooter, and the men of Deadwood nothing doubted, upon seeing Montana advance from the recesses of the Big Horn shanty, that a "shooting match" was at hand, and long experience had told these worthy Western gentlemen that in a street affray, in nine cases out of ten, the bystanders always stand a much better chance of getting hit than the real actors in the affair.

But Montana came out quietly, his hands in his pockets, just as if he was about to proceed to his home, rather than answer a challenge to blood and slaughter.

The bullwhacker incontinently followed the example of the crowd and dodged behind an awning-post that an enterprising tradesman had erected in front of his shanty, which was situated just across the street from the saloon.

The idea of the giant attempting to shelter himself behind a post about four inches square was ridiculous, but he acted on the principle that a little shelter was better than none.

"Draw your we'pon—I'm heeled!" cried the bullwhacker, taking deliberate aim at Montana.

The miner never flinched. Straight as an arrow he stood, his hands still in his pockets, and looked with a contemptuous smile upon his face right in the muzzle of the leveled revolver.

"Fire away! you can't hit the side of a house, you overgrown coward!" he exclaimed.

"Hold on!" cried Hallowell, jumping forward, a cocked revolver in his hand, and covering the bullwhacker with the weapon. "This here is murder! My partner ain't heeled!"

"Which I know to be a sure enough fact, gent's!" yelled Big Horn Dick, at the top of his lungs, the pretty pair of nickel-plated six-shooters in his hands and both of them leveled at the Man-from-Cheyenne. "I offered to heel him for this fuss, an' he wouldn't have it, an' if that big cuss shoots it ain't the clean white thing!"

A murmur went up from the crowd.

Nowhere on this broad earth can a man find a stronger love for fair play and no favor than dwells in the breasts of the rugged Black Hills miners.

"No, no, gi'n Montana a we'pon!" exclaimed one of the bystanders.

"Yes, give him a fair show!" cried another.

"A fair shake an' no mistake!" said a third.

"Give him a popper!" sung out a friendly soul, safely ensconced behind the corner of the Big Horn shanty.

In a twinkling a dozen weapons, at the least, of all sizes and of all ages and makes, were proffered to the miner.

But with a shake of the head he refused them all.

"No, gentlemen," said he. "I reckon that I don't seek any man's life, and though I hold it no sin to strike in defense of my own, when I am assailed, yet in this case I do not see why I should be bullied into a fight with this stranger, simply because he has taken it into his head to quarrel with me. I have lived in Deadwood now for some time, and no man in the town can say that I was ever concerned in a quarrel. Why this man—a stranger here—should want to have trouble with me, who ne-er injured him in the least, is a mystery. I don't want to wound or kill him, and I don't mean that he shall or I shall be disabled. I reckon that, though we are in the Black Hills and outside the lines of civilization, you won't stand tamely by and see a man murdered in cold blood or else forced into a quarrel and made to risk his life to gratify the whim of a bragging bully!"

A little hum of approval came from the crowd at this appeal.

Pretty decent sort of men, these toolers after gold and silver in the wilderness, notwithstanding the absence of the softening influences of civilized life.

"That's gospel truth!" cried old General Bowie, who had just arrived at the scene of action. "Fellow-citizens! there is no law in the world by means of which you can compel a man to fight if he doesn't want to! Whar is our boasted liberty, guaranteed to us by our own great American eagle, when he plucked, baldheaded, the roaring lion of white-cliffed Albion, if such things kin be and overcomes us like a summer cloud without our especial wonder?"

"Say, feller-citizens!" yelled the bullwhacker, in disgust, stepping out from behind the awning-post, "ain't I to have no show fur my money at all? This hyer deerskin cuss' skulked me with eggs—eggs that were laid by an unhealthy hen! He jes' plastered 'em all over me like as if I were a 'tarnal big omelet, or was gwine to be fried with ham; then he wiped me all round in the mud t'other night, an' stood me on my head like a durned circus elephant!"

"Throw down your we'pons an' hev it out in a fair fight!" suggested one of the crowd, anxious for fun.

"That suits me!" cried Montana, stripping off his deerskin coat in a trice.

The giant laid aside his weapons reluctantly. He had tested Montana's prowess once and was rather loath to measure strength and skill with him again.

The bullwhacker rolled up the sleeves of his dirty red shirt with a great deal of display, and then he spat on his hands and skipped round a bit, as graceful as an elephant, evidently hoping to impress Montana

about to strike back, Mr. Bludsoe would jump and then grin, as much as to say, "You didn't do it that time!"

The crowd soon began to tire of this exhibition, laughable as it was, and presently one of the through began to yell for eggs, in order to infuse a little courage into the bullwhacker.

Irritated by the sarcastic comments of the bystanders, and beginning to feel a little tired by his exertion—his surplus flesh was telling on him now—Bludsoe resolved to try the effect of a desperate rush, hoping by his weight to force Montana down.

He gathered himself together working his big arms up and down like the piston of a steam-engine, and then, concentrating all his energies, he made a ferocious attack upon the miner.

Warned by the gleam in the eyes of his opponent, as well as by the expression upon his face, Montana was fully prepared for the onset.

Lightly and nimbly as a dancing-master—and as graceful, too, as any Parisian professor of the toe and heel art—Montana evaded the mad rush by ducking under the right arm of the giant, and then, as the other endeavored in his clumsy way to turn and catch his nimble antagonist, Montana gave him a powerful poke under the arm on the ribs, and again the bullwhacker was forced over and tumbled to the ground. Falling "all in a heap" he managed to bring his nose in violent contact with the earth, thereby damaging that prominent organ considerably.

"Fifteen thousand dollars to a cent on Montana!" exclaimed General Baltimore Bowie, in wild enthusiasm.

No one offered to take the bet; the sympathy of the crowd was entirely with the miner, and then, too, the general's credit was not as good as it might have been. No sane man in the town would have lent him five dollars on his own security.

"Say! this hyer ain't a fair shake!" exclaimed the Pet of the Niobrara, setting up on his beam-end and ruefully rubbing his damaged nose. "It's ag'in' all the rules to dig a feller in the ribs and scratch his horn at the same time."

Montana stood with folded arms, apparently quite satisfied to let the matter rest where it was, but Mr. Bludsoe, being a strange compound of bully and fool, had not yet got enough, although the fact was patent to the crowd that he was no match for the miner, notwithstanding his size, and that Montana alone excepted—the apartment was in total darkness.

Tim found the matches and the candle, and endeavored to procure a light.

The first match ignited, sputtered, but went out.

"Dum the match!" exclaimed Tim, groping in the dark for another; and then to the ears of the boy, naturally keen of hearing, came the sound of suppressed breathing, just as if some one were hidden within the room, and was endeavoring to conceal the fact.

The hair of the boy fairly rose on end. The first thought of the terror-stricken youth was to endeavor to escape at once, and so he glided, as noiselessly as possible, to the door; but as he outstretched his hands toward the lock, the cold muzzle of a pistol was abruptly pressed against his forehead, and a hoarse voice—a voice only too well remembered—said, in a low, menacing whisper:

"Stop a bit, young man; don't be in such a hurry; I want to talk to you for a while."

It was the voice of Silver Sam that spoke—the masked road-agent of the upper gully. Tim's knees trembled beneath him; but, as he was still more he would have been, to have encountered a stranger ruffian.

Familiarity breeds contempt they say, and in this case the old adage certainly leaned toward the truth, for Tim would surely have fainted with fear but that he recognized the voice of the stranger.

"Is that you, Mr. Sam?" he murmured.

"That's my handle, sonny," the road-agent replied; "and now, little man, jest go ahead and gin us a light. We kin talk better than in the dark."

"I ain't got a cent hyer, mister," Tim whined, in terror, his thought intent upon his treasure concealed in a stocking, stowed away in a corner up near the roof.

"Who sed you had?" responded the stranger, gruffly.

"Jest you go ahead and strike a light so that we can talk in comfort, and mind your eye! Don't you try any gun games on me; it's a seven-shooter that's a lookin' at yer, and I've salvated better looking chaps than you air, just fur the fun of the thing. If you speak a word above your breath, or try to give an alarm in any way, this hyer durned old post-office will need a new clerk!"

"Oh, don't shoot!" murmured the boy, in terror.

"I don't intend to, sonny, ef I kin help it; but don't rub me ag'in' the grain or thar's no tellin' what will happen. Light the candle, and be quick about it; I ain't a-goin' to harm you if you act reasonable."

Thus reassured, Tim retraced his steps, and managed to light the candle, although his hand trembled like an aspen leaf.

And then, by the glimmering light, he turned and looked upon the stranger.

As he had expected, he beheld Silver Sam. His face was still concealed by the half-mask, from under which escaped the long, drooping mustache, so ferocious in its size; the conical-crowned broad-brimmed hat was pulled down over his brows precisely the same as when Tim had first set eyes upon him, but all the rest of his person was concealed by a long black cloak, made with arms, domino fashion, from common paper muslin, and belted at the waist by a heavy strap, thus effectually disguising his person.

"Wha—what do you want?" murmured Tim, in an affrighted whisper.

"That letter that you were going to get for me," said the road-agent, sternly.

"Why, I got it all right."

"Oh, did you? Well, then, fork it over."

"But I have."

"Have what?"

"Give it to you."

"The blazes you did!" growled the masked man.

"Yes; I put it in the tree whar you told me, this very afternoon."

"No, yer didn't, for I war thar jest about twilight, and nary paper did I see. What tree did you put it in—a hollow oak tree on the left hand side of the West Gulch, 'bout half a mile this side of the Little Montana mine?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Tim, perceiving now the mistake he had made. "I missed that tree somehow—anyway, I thought that the oak was on the right hand side of the gulch as you went up."

"I sed left!"

"Mebbe you did; but I was so frightened I forgot; so when I came to an oak tree, with a hole in it, a stone throw from the mine, I reckoned that it war the place, and stuck the letter in."

he retired to his bunk, leaving Mr. Black busy at his desk, settling up the business of the day.

Tim bunked in a small room at the back of the store, which was partitioned off into two apartments, one of which the deacon occupied. A small entry, which led into the back-yard of the store, separated the two rooms.

We say back-yard, but "no pent up Utica" contracted that domain, for, unobstructed by fence or confine, the "back-yard" extended clear to the distant foothills, the skirmish-line, as it were, of the grim mountain peaks beyond.

Tim entered his scantily-furnished apartment, and scantly-furnished it was indeed. A couple of dry-goods boxes upon which a buffalo-robe and some coarse gray army blankets were spread served for a bed. Another box did service for a table, and the inside for a wardrobe, while a couple of shoe-boxes, stood upon end, supplied the place of chairs.

Tim closed the door behind him, and carefully locked and bolted it, then he proceeded to feel in the dark for the candle and matches which he had left upon the table.

Tim was a prudent young man, and all his worldly wealth was deposited in the little room. Therefore, during the day he kept the door carefully locked. There was no way of getting into the room except through the door—the only window being a small one, high up in the wall, looking into the front store.

In the daytime this afforded sufficient light, and even at night, when the store was fully illuminated, enough of the artificial glare came through the window to dimly light the room; but as the lights in the store had all been extinguished before Tim entered the room—a single one standing upon the desk of the deacon alone excepted—the apartment was in total darkness.

Tim found the matches and the candle, and endeavored to procure a light.

The first match ignited, sputtered, but went out.

"Dum the match!" exclaimed Tim, groping in the dark for another; and then to the ears of the boy, naturally keen of hearing, came the sound of suppressed breathing, just as if some one were hidden within the room, and was endeavoring to conceal the fact.

The hair of the boy fairly rose on end. The first thought of the terror-stricken youth was to endeavor to escape at once, and so he glided, as noiselessly as possible, to the door; but as he outstretched his hands toward the lock, the cold muzzle of a pistol was abruptly pressed against his forehead, and a hoarse voice—a voice only too well remembered—said, in a low, menacing whisper:

"Stop a bit, young man; don't be in such a hurry; I want to talk to you for a while."

It was the voice of Silver Sam that spoke—the masked road-agent of the upper gully. Tim's knees trembled beneath him; but, as he was still more he would have been, to have encountered a stranger ruffian.

Familiarity breeds contempt they say, and in this case the old adage certainly leaned toward the truth, for Tim would surely have fainted with fear but that he recognized the voice of the stranger.

"Is that you, Mr. Sam?" he murmured.

"That's my handle, sonny," the road-agent replied; "and now, little man, jest go ahead and gin us a light. We kin talk better than in the dark."

"I ain't got a cent hyer, mister," Tim whined, in terror, his thought intent upon his treasure concealed in a stocking, stowed away in a corner up near the roof.

"Who sed you had?" responded the stranger, gruffly.

"Jest you go ahead and strike a light so that we can talk in comfort, and mind your eye! Don't you try any gun games on me; it's a seven-shooter that's a lookin' at yer, and I've salvated better looking chaps than you air, just fur the fun of the thing. If you speak a word above your breath, or try to give an alarm in any way, this hyer durned old post-office will need a new clerk!"

"Oh, don't shoot!" murmured the boy, in terror.

"I don't intend to, sonny, ef I kin help it; but don't rub me ag'in' the grain or thar's no tellin' what will happen. Light the candle, and be quick about it; I ain't a-goin' to harm you if you act reasonable."

Thus reassured, Tim retraced his steps, and managed to light the candle, although his hand trembled like an aspen leaf.

And then, by the glimmering light, he turned and looked upon the stranger.

As he had expected, he beheld Silver Sam. His face was still concealed by the half-mask, from under which escaped the long, drooping mustache, so ferocious in its size; the conical-crowned broad-brimmed hat was pulled down over his brows precisely the same as when Tim had first set eyes upon him, but all the rest of his person was concealed by a long black cloak, made with arms, domino fashion, from common paper muslin, and belted at the waist by a heavy strap, thus effectually disguising his person.

"Wha—what do you want?" murmured Tim, in an affrighted whisper.

"That letter that you were going to get for me," said the road-agent, sternly.

"Why, I got it all right."

"Oh, did you? Well, then, fork it over."

"But I have."

"Have what?"

"Give it to you."

"The blazes you did!" growled the masked man.

"Yes; I put it in the tree whar you told me, this very afternoon."

"No, yer didn't, for I war thar jest about twilight, and nary paper did I see. What tree did you put it in—a hollow oak tree on the left hand side of the West Gulch, 'bout half a mile this side of the Little Montana mine?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Tim, perceiving now the mistake he had made. "I missed that tree somehow—anyway, I thought that the oak was on the right hand side of the gulch as you went up."

"I sed left!"

"Mebbe you did; but I was so frightened I forgot; so when I came to an oak tree, with a hole in it, a stone throw from the mine, I reckoned that it war the place, and stuck the letter in."

"Oh, you're a smart boy—you are!" the road-agent exclaimed, in contempt.

"But, mister, I was so frightened!" pleaded Tim, piteously.

"Is the deacon alone?" asked the disguised man, abruptly.

"Yes, I reckon so."

"The shanty is all closed and locked in front?"

deacon and don't want to be disturbed, I shall take the liberty of looking you up in this hyer room.

In the morning you kin raise an alarm, and then you'll be let out, 'cos it's easy to git a key to fit the door; it didn't bother me much to get in. Another pint! Jest keep your mouth shut about me; don't let on to a living soul that you have ever sed me; it will be money in your pocket, for I'll fix it so that we kin make a big raise together, one of these days, without any risk. Jest say in the morning, when they come to let you out, that you forgot and left the key on the outside of the door, and that you had no idee that you were locked in till you tried to git out."

"Oh, I'll do it!" Tim replied, his naturally cunning mind quickly perceiving how plausible the tale would be.

"All right; now we understand each other. Put out your light and tumble into your bunk as soon as you kin."

And with this parting caution the road-agent withdrew, taking the key of the door with him.

Noislessly he closed the door, and noiselessly he turned the key in the lock, thus making Tim a prisoner.

The narrow passage led directly into the store, and the glimmer of light, burning on the desk, in front of which the deacon sat, making up his accounts, shone into the little entry.

With stealthy tread, noiseless as the creeping panther stealing in with all the caution of the feline tribe upon its prey, the road-agent advanced within the store.

The deacon, pen in hand, totally unsuspecting of mischief, was poring over his book.

The first intimation he had of danger was feeling a heavy hand press upon his shoulder, and the cold muzzle of a pistol placed against his temple, as a low voice said:

"A few words, deacon, in regard to Juliet Oaks!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 362.)

The Vailed Passenger.

BY ROGER STARBURCK.

ABOARD the splendid clipper ship, Shooting Star, two weeks out from the port of Sydney, Australia, and homeward bound to New York, stood Mary Wolfred, passenger, a beautiful young girl of eighteen, a prey to the most intense grief, as, only two days before, her father, after a brief illness, had died in his state-room.

Not more than twenty-four hours had passed since his cold form was consigned to a watery grave, and now his child, gazing mournfully over the broad ocean, almost wished that she, too, was down in the dark depths.

Her parent, having desired her to become the wife of Herman Wake, a wealthy merchant friend, and also one of the passengers, had succeeded in persuading her, ere he died, to promise him that she would wed with that person, whom, however, she disliked, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary.

Now he came to her side, a man of forty, with sharp, black eyes, a good color, and a sensual mouth.

"Mary," he said, gently, "I will not detain you long; but remember in me you have a good friend and protector, one who would lay down his life for you, if it were necessary. Let that console you in your affliction."

"I know—I understand," replied the girl; "but I fear—I fear that nothing can ever repay me for the loss of my dear, good papa."

She hurried into the cabin, as she went brushing past a lady closely veiled.

"Poor child," murmured the woman.

The sweet, sympathetic voice fell soothingly on Mary's ear.

She paused, and turned just in time to catch a glimpse of the thick black veil and the rustling silk, as the lady passed into her own state-room.

This person and her servant, besides Mary, Herman Wake and an old missionary, were the only passengers aboard the Shooting Star.

She was very quiet and reserved—perhaps a little mysterious—as none of the occupants of the vessel had seen her once, since she came aboard, otherwise than with her veil down. It was an impenetrable veil, so that her fellow-passengers could form no conjecture as to the sort of face it concealed. She seldom appeared on deck, and never at the cabin table; her meals were brought to her in her own room by her servant, a dwarfed little deaf and dumb girl of fourteen.

Save that she went by the name of Mrs. Marchmont, nothing was known about her either by the captain or any other soul aboard—the deaf and dumb girl probably excepted.

As she always wore black, it was thought that she was a widow.

She had taken passage at Sydney, and when she engaged her passage she was, as usual, closely veiled.

"I wonder what she is?" Herman Wake had said to the captain on the day of Wolfred's death.

"Don't know, sir; but whatever she is, she makes but little trouble, which, you see, isn't common with the women folk. Ha! ha!"

"I don't remember ever seeing her in Sydney," said Wake, "although I was there only six months. I would have stayed there longer but for my falling in with Wolfred and his daughter, who were going to take passage for the United States. Wolfred persuaded me to go along with him, little thinking, poor fellow, that on the very day out of port he would be taken down with an illness that would carry him off."

A few weeks passed.

Herman, whenever opportunity offered, was at Mary's side.

She did her best to receive his attentions pleasantly, and at length, when he "proposed" to her, she bowed her head meekly enough, and gave him her hand.

Her heart was cold to him, her face was like white marble; but she would be true to her promise, although, in this case, it involved almost a "living death," for not only did she not love the man, but his presence was strangely repugnant to her.

Then he left her, after she had agreed to become his wife. She clasped her hands tightly, and stood with compressed lips by the rail, looking down at the dark, indistinct waters, for night was now upon the sea.

"My God!" she moaned to herself, "there is then no way for me to escape this sacrifice!"

"Poor child!"

Again that sweet, sympathetic voice, as she had heard it once before.

Now it seemed to come out of the darkness where the shadow of the quarter-boat fell on the dimly-lighted deck.

The rustling of a robe followed, and Mary caught a glimpse of the veiled passenger, as she hastily disappeared through the companionway.

Early on the next morning, while Mary stood by Herman's side, both watching a sail which had just hove in sight far astern, the ship was suddenly struck by a terrific white squall.

The wind howled and shrieked in the rigging with such fury that the shrouds were blown far inboard, while the three masts reeled and jerked as if about to be torn from the decks.

In a few minutes the air was filled with flying rack and scud, and with clouds of flying spray that enveloped the vessel as she dashed on, under shortened canvas, with sheets of water sweeping her decks like an avalanche.

Mary had just entered the companionway, when she heard a wild cry.

She turned, to catch a glimpse of Herman Wake's form, as he was carried overboard by a sea, which had torn away that part of the rail to which he had been clinging.

There was a rush of feet, followed by the cries of the men, with which was mingled the voice of the captain.

"No use; we can't lower in such a gale. He is lost!"

Mary peered through the companionway, but so thick were the scud and the spray that she could see nothing of the unfortunate man who had been hurled into the mad waters.

She staggered down into the cabin, to find herself confronted by the veiled passenger.

"I heard the noise! Who was it?"

"Herman Wake."

"There is no hope for him?"

"I am afraid not!"

Without another word, Mrs. Marchmont glided into her own room and closed the door. For hours the storm continued to rage.

When at last its fury abated, the captain veered ship, deeming it his duty to look for Herman, although no one aboard thought that he would ever be found.

All day the captain searched for him in vain.

Then he made sail on his former course.

Next morning early an object was seen ahead, on the water.

It was soon discovered to be some person clinging to a spar!

Was it possible this was Herman?

A nearer view convinced all aboard that it was not.

A boat was lowered and the castaway was soon picked up and taken to the ship.

He was a noble-looking young man of twenty-five, who stated that he was an American—a Southern planter.

He was nearly exhausted, but a little wine and some refreshments restored all the strength natural to his fine, vigorous frame.

His story was soon told.

He had sailed from New Zealand aboard a brig, for his native city, Charleston, South Carolina.

The brig had foundered in the late squall, and he had reason to think that all aboard except himself had perished. He had succeeded in getting hold of the spar from which he had been picked up.

As Mary encountered the large, dark, admiring orbs of the stranger, while he was speaking, she experienced for him a feeling of deep sympathy, while her heart fluttered with the gratified vanity natural to a woman of eighteen.

In fact these two young people seemed drawn toward each other from the first by that subtle link of congeniality which is hard to define.

Weeks passed, during which they were much in each other's company.

At last, one clear night, after the Shooting Star had passed round Cape Horn, Charles Gray—such was the name of the castaway—sought Mary's side, told her that he loved her, and asked her to be his wife.

For answer the girl laid her little hand in his, and that was sufficient.

Had the two not been on deck the passionate Southern would have showered kisses upon the blooming cheeks and upon that matchless white neck so temptingly near him.

A fortnight later the ship touched at Buenos Ayres, where she was to remain a week.

Gray had all a lover's impatience to possess the beautiful treasure he had won.

There was a missionary aboard, and he begged Mary to become his wife there and then.

She endeavored to "put him off," as it was natural and becoming one of her sex should do, and yet she was not at all displeased when he almost insisted that the wedding should not be delayed.

The few necessary arrangements were soon made.

The quarter-deck had been ornamented with flags and otherwise decorated for the occasion.

The sailors, neatly dressed, stood at a respectful distance.

The veiled passenger, still wearing black, was also present.

Mary Wolfred and Charles Gray stood up before the old missionary, who was about to commence the ceremony, when a boat which had been indistinctly seen approaching through a fog in the harbor glided alongside, and in the gangway appeared a form and face that struck dismay to the heart of the young girl.

She became as pale as death, and staggered back with a wild, sharp cry, for the new-comer was none other than HERMAN WAKE—the man to whom she had previously betrothed herself for her father's sake!

Straight to the quarter-deck he quickly strode.

"What does this mean?" he inquired.

"I—we—thought, you were lost," gasped Mary, "and so I—"

my prize," he said, "I propose, in order not to again run any risk, that my wedding take place at once, everything being so conveniently ready."

"Farewell, Charles, farewell!" murmured Mary, holding out her hand. "God help us both!"

"But, Louisa!" cried Gray, despairingly, "surely you are not obliged to wed this man so hurriedly!"

"I promised my father," said Mary, in a hollow voice, "that I should become Herman's bride whenever he should so will it. Woe! woe! the day when I gave that promise!"

Wake grasped her hand.

"We want a bridesmaid," he said, with affected gayety. "And Mr. Gray can be groomsmen."

The veiled passenger stepped forward.

"Perhaps Miss Wolfred will accept me in that capacity," she said, almost in a whisper. Mary's mind was too distracted for her to reply.

Instinctively, however, she pressed the speaker's arm.

"Please go on, sir," said Wake to the missionary.

The latter was about to proceed with the ceremony, which would have made Mary and Mr. Wake man and wife, when, suddenly, the veiled passenger moved forward, confronting Herman.

"Please step aside, madam," said Wake. "What is it? Have you anything to say to me?"

"Yes," answered the woman, and then she quickly raised her veil, revealing a pale, noble countenance, wearing traces of much suffering.

Herman staggered back as if he had been



Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock
NEW YORK, APRIL 21, 1877.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:
One copy, four months, \$1.00
One year, 3.00
Two copies, one year, 5.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any late number.

TAKE NOTICE.—In sending money for subscription, by mail, never inclose the currency except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of a remittance. Losses by mail will be almost surely avoided if these directions are followed.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business should be addressed to
BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
28 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Commences Next Week:

MRS. MARY REED CROWELL'S Brilliant New Society Romance, SOWING THE WIND;

OR, The Price She Paid.

One of the very best and most elaborate of all this fine writer's fine productions—a story of great power, and with a subtle management of

WOMAN'S OVERMASTERING PASSION

that carries the reader, a willing captive, through the whole strange and exciting drama. What a woman who loves and hates with her whole soul can and will do to accomplish her purpose this most deeply-wrought story will tell; and to bring out the lights and shades of her nature more fully there is a second woman in the case, whose exquisite beauty of character and the pathetic part she is forced to play brings out, by contrast, the

Baleful Genius of the Syren,

who is the central figure of the group of five or six persons who are parties to the life and death struggle, whose prize is one man's heart and another man's ruin. The fair author of the highly successful and well remembered "Vials of Wrath" has in this, her last work, achieved a new success that will add largely to her circle of admirers.

A Dollar's Worth of Reading for a Dime!

To meet the great popular demand for good reading at the cheapest rates, as well as to place before readers numerous works by our best authors, which it is impossible otherwise to give, the publishers will start their new series, THE FIRESIDE LIBRARY, with

WAS SHE HIS WIFE?

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,

A novel of exquisite quality—strong in drama and exciting in action. Readers of her works will be charmed with the story—which is given complete, in the first number of THE FIRESIDE LIBRARY. Now ready!

THE FIRESIDE LIBRARY

Is the pleasantly-suggestive title of the beautifully illustrated Series of POPULAR AND ATTRACTIVE NOVELS by the Best Authors—in the full "quarto" form now so popular, *thirty-two* pages, and giving in its mere quantity of matter the amount usually contained in a dollar and a half or two dollar book. Each number will be a COMPLETE NOVEL; and also will have additional interest and readable value by presenting a strong installment of a fine serial story, besides other matter.

As it will sell at the remarkably small price of ten cents per number it promises to become a great and prominent feature of our current literature, and it will well deserve that honor, for, of all the many enterprises of books for the people this certainly is one of the most admirable and available.

Sunshine Papers.

Courtship in a Boarding-House.

You would imagine that if there was any one place which little Cupid would forsake entirely, it would be a boarding-house. How can his shy, dainty little godship endure to place himself at the mercy of strange and uncivilized minds, and submit himself to the curious glances of unfriendly eyes, and subject his pretty tricks to the criticisms of unkindly and sarcastic lips? But he is such an irresistible little creature, so ardent, and so impatient of thwarting circumstances; that when he desires a victim worthy of being a target for his bow, and lets fly his arrows, even when the area of his practice must be comprised within the walls of a boarding-house. And it is sad for the lovers; but fun for the rest of the boarding-house community!

First Miss Flyaway is shy. She does not allow Mr. Elderly to come to see her very often. She invites other gentlemen to call on her, and goes out with others, and vows that Mr. E. is "an old friend of ma's." She meets all inuendoes with sublime feebleness of comprehension, and wicked little lies. She makes artfully-awful remarks concerning the Elderly; and describes her ideal of a lover—so exactly everything that the gentleman in question is not that no one is deceived. But, by and by, it is

noticed how madly she skips down-stairs when Mr. E. is announced, and how careful she is to push shut the parlor door. And Mrs. Quibble is sure she heard a man's voice say "darling;" and old Miss Indiscreet, who is never deaf at correct times, asserts confidently that she heard a kiss; and little Miss Helpless, who wishes she had a lover, says, spitefully, that if Mr. Elderly is not going to marry Miss Flyaway, he "ought to," for he always hugs her when he goes away! (She does not add that she gained the knowledge by peeping down the stairways.) And, last of all, Miss Flyaway wears a big diamond.

Then how she does have to run the gantlet! Whew! Mrs. Quibble says, "I'm sure we all congratulate you, my dear Miss Flyaway; but, you see, we really could not believe that you intended taking up with so old a man. Of course, however, he is entirely estimable." "Old?" says Miss Helpless, serenely. "Why, for Miss Flyaway, I think he is a most suitable age!" "My dear Miss Helpless," retorts Miss Indiscreet, "a man's age is of little consequence when he has handsome diamonds at command." "Are you any judge of diamonds, Miss Indiscreet?" asks Mr. Shadowy, sententiously. "At least that one of yours could be improved by a different setting, Miss Flyaway," comfortingly remarks Mrs. Putonairs. But the parlor is ceded to Miss Flyaway once a week. What comfort she must find in those few hours with a charitable person—to her!

The parlor doors never will latch; the nights are cold and the lovers sit near the register; and just as Mr. Elderly insinuates his manly arm about Miss Flyaway's slim waist the doors are sure to fly open and some boarder be passing. And if Elderly is in an especially tender mood, and has drawn his sweetheart's head to the exact spot upon his bosom where her eyes can only gaze straight into his and her lips are helpless to prevent their being rifled of uncountable sweets, a caller is sure to be ushered into the parlor. The caller has come to see Mrs. Quibble, and that lady entertains in the parlor until Mr. E. is safely on his way home, when she suddenly remembers something in her own room which she desires to exhibit to her visitor, ere the minute of departure, and the two adjourn to Mrs. Q.'s apartment. And if, in a moment of supreme adoration and forgetfulness, any fond word or osculatory process is a trifle less guarded than usual, Mr. and Mrs. Demuir, who occupy the back parlor, are sure to look censoriously conscious of having overheard it when they and Miss Flyaway appear at table next morning.

After a time Miss Helpless gets a lover, also; and such a time as there is between callers, and struggles for the parlor! And that abominable widower, Mr. Sillee, is sure to walk into the parlor just as Miss Helpless gets the gas turned to the proper dimness, and herself comfortably ensconced upon her adorer's knees; and he never is considerate enough to cough a warning; and the way Miss Helpless "seeds" to a distant chair, and her lover creases and uncrosses his feet, and both remain despairingly silent, is truly awful to them, and sublimely amusing to the wicked widower, who tells the story, laughingly, to an eager audience in the dining-room. And if a caller comes in how perseveringly the lovers discuss the weather. And the next morning how very untidy the corner and the sofa is where they sat—hair-pins on the floor, tidies all awry, or altogether out of their places!

And, lastly, if Cupid doesn't put it into the head of the widower to make love to the landlady's daughter! They court in the parlor before any one else is out of bed; and at odd times and places always; plunging a worthy bachelor into immeasurable depths of perturbation when he seeks his morning paper in the dining-room, just before the bell for breakfast rings, and discovers the maiden, with a duster in one hand and a broom in the other, being squeezed and kissed by the impudent widower, who still grasps, with one hand, his cup of coffee!

To fully appreciate the trials of "keeping company," and the awful meanings of "The course of true love never runs smoothly," commend me to courtship in a boarding-house!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

GOING TO THE BAD.

Going to the bad! What a sad thought that is! What a poor road to travel on, and what miserable companions one has for fellow-travelers, on that rugged path! A life opening with every promise of success—the kind teachings at the day and Sunday school—endowed with talents that would grace any sphere—a mind stored with rich thoughts—a brain filled with a treasury of noble ideas, all thrown away; no use made of these talents; a profligate life going to the bad!

Going to the bad! I once saw some policemen taking a poor drunkard to the station-house, and the friend at my side remarked, "You would not suppose that that man, who was once able to sway the multitude by the power and magnetism of his voice, yet such was the case. I knew him in his youth, and a finer athlete I never listened to. His name upon a programme would draw an audience at almost any time. Had he resisted the tempter he might now be a power in the land and have a fortune at his command, but, in an evil hour, he took to drink, and now see the wreck he is. No stone has been left unturned for his reformation; tears, prayers and supplications are all in vain; a mother's love has gone unheeded; friends' kindnesses have not touched his heart; his parents are now old and infirm, and need the help he might give. Sometimes I think it would be better for the world if he were taken, but would it be better for him in the hereafter? Poor, poor fellow! He is on a hard road. Going to the bad!"

Going to the bad! I stopped at a neglected grave in a country churchyard and wondered at its desolate appearance when other mounds were bright with flowers and tenderly cared for. I asked the reason. The answer was—"Only a poor drunkard lies there." I asked no more. I knew not what the age might be, but I did know that once a mother loved, caressed and cared for him, and he repaid that kindness by going to the bad. I knew that mother was dead, although I did not ask, because, had she been alive, that grave would not have been neglected; a mother's love lasts through everything! That poor drunkard no doubt had friends once, but I could see them one by one desert him when they found he was "going to the bad!"

"Going to the bad!" When I read the account of the execution of Evans, the murderer of Georgianna Lovering, I thought his death would prove a lesson to those inclined to go astray, but when I read the following paragraph: "It is seldom that one dies an ignominious death but what some one mourns, and this friendless old man had none to mourn him. Even his son was seen on the streets of Concord, the night after the execution, beately drunk, on the proceeds of the sale of his fa-

ther's body to the physicians," I thought of another soul being lost, another wreck upon life's ocean, another being going to the bad.

Going to the bad! Why will people go in that direction when there are so many guide-boards and mile-stones telling of a different route, and a route that leads to a safer and better haven at the end of the journey?

Going to the bad! It has grown to be a very common occurrence for a clerk of a bank or of a mercantile house to use the money of his employers for private speculation, in order to secure sudden wealth instead of being content with a competence—a desire for a fast and a false life instead of a sure and safe one. When found guilty, their excuse is they meant to pay back the money taken. In the sight of God would this crime be any less on that account? Their speculations fail, as they should do, and they never seem to be able to return what they borrowed—taken would be a truer though a harsher word. How can one expect to prosper on ill-gotten gains? They plead that their temptations are too strong to be resisted. Do they ever think that they themselves are too weak? Do they ever pray to be strong enough to resist temptation and to keep them from going to the bad?

Going to the bad! What a procession to view if we could see all those in line who are wandering over that dark and devious road! Would not tears be shed and hearts be broken at so sad a sight?

Would we not feel like taking some from that motley throng and putting them on the right road? Think, then, of this sad procession; and also think if you do know of some one who is marching in it—some one whose life might be changed by your influence, guided by your words, saved by your care, whose life you may be held accountable for, because you were careless on which road he traveled, thoughtless as to the direction in which he wandered.

Our conscience tells us what is right to do, and many will have to answer fearfully hereafter if they have not striven to help some poor being and saved him from going to the bad.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Blue Glass.

THE late discoveries of General Pleasanton in regard to the healing qualities in blue glass rays has somewhat set the world on its ears—which are of good growth—and created quite a modern sensation; and the demand for blue glass and sunny days have far exceeded the supply on hand.

I beg leave to inform the world and the surrounding country, that it does not shock my modesty to state that I was the original discoverer of the great properties of blue glass as far back as the date of some of my earliest notes, when an incipient youth of twenty-eight summers I basked in the cheering ray from the blue glass eye of the romantic Matilda Ann.

My soul was sick with hopes deferred, and weighed down with the heavy absence of money. But, oh, when the beams from that blue glass eye fell upon my wasting cheek, or rested upon my new red necktie, those gnawing cares and devastating despondencies faded away like a man on the street who owes you a bill; they vanished like socks and handkerchiefs from a returned week's washing.

I noticed very plainly that whenever those beams shone on me it brought the reviving blood to my pale cheek, and I basked; so I used to sit out on the wood-shed overlooking her domicile, and reason if blue glass had such effect in one way, why could it not be utilized in other ways? So I began trying experiments.

I had a watch that lost more time than I did every day, and was affected with general derangement of the system. It was a plain case of almost goodness. I used to stop so much at the watchmaker's to borrow time, sometimes as much as four or five hours a day, the watchmaker said that he had loaned me so much time that he was nearly out himself, and that he hadn't any more to spare; would like to accommodate me, but, etc. I then got a blue glass crystal put in the watch and set it in the sun. Smiles began to spread over its face, the hands began to clap for joy, its whole constitution seemed to revive. I left it out on the fence all day, and it went so well that when I went out after it in the evening it was gone, and I don't know where or how it went.

I was prematurely bald-headed, from the effects of general absence of hair, and in the crown of my straw hat, over a hole which Providence, in the shape of poverty, seemed to have placed there for the special purpose, I placed a piece of blue glass, and forced myself to hop potatoes in the sun for fifteen minutes without getting in the shade, and found that I received not only a fine head of hair, but an entire new set of bones, which overjoyed me exceedingly, for I was then writing poetry, and had got nearly out.

I was afflicted with weak eyes, they were so weak that I could hardly hold them open, and whenever I sat down they would fall shut, and then I couldn't see anything until I woke up. I couldn't see anything very well—I couldn't even see when I was making a fool of myself. I injured my eyes by too intensely scrutinizing other people's affairs. I tried green goggles, which only had the effect of making everybody else look green but me. I put in blue glasses, and my sight was so improved that I could see plainly every little fault which my neighbor was the proprietor of, and all his larger ones were greatly magnified. I could look into the middle of nowhere, and see wonders which would thrill my hearers when I described them. I saw more than a carpenter's chest full of saws ever saw. I ever after had blue eyes; they were originally a cross between a red black and a white bro'zn.

I had an uncle who from rheumatism was so stiff in the legs that he couldn't get down on his knees to say his prayers, which was the reason he never said them, but always got his hired man to do it. I advised him to take his toddy out of a blue glass tumbler, and it limbered him up so much that you could see him any time of day going down the street with the loosest legs and tightest head that you ever saw, and he used to wish for more lamp-posts along the journey of life to guide his feet. His legs got very active, though perhaps not in the best selected direction.

I put a skylight of blue glass in a buncheon that favored an onion both in size and rhyme, and was cured of it in two days.

My neighbor had a wife with which he was greatly afflicted, and who took every occasion by the hand to take him by the hair of the head to smooth any bumps there might happen to be just there in the wall. I told him to put blue glass panes in the room, and explained how it would effect a cure. "Ah," said he, moistening the end of his coat-tail with his eye, "don't you think that blue glass panned

up and administered to her in broken doses would bring about a speedier and more effective cure?" I told him it would be too severe a tonic; so he glazed the windows with blue glass, and from that blessed day she never asked him for more than six new bonnets a year, nor called him anything more than an old fool sixteen times a day. He used to shake me by the hand when we met and say I was the best friend he ever had, and if ever I got hard up for money just call on him, and he would tell me who had come to loan. Ever afterward he said she gave him nothing worse than blue blazes.

I have found that there is nothing like blue glass windows to cure a man of a fit of the bluest kind of blues, that ever blew, and whenever I had the headache—and nothing in my head is very small—I went into my blue glass room and it blew out of my head.

I never got out without carrying an umbrella, full of small blue glass lights in the roof of it; and always felt well. Often I meet some friend, and we walk along together, when all at once he will say: "Well, it's strange; I never felt so healthy in my life. By George, I have been sick all the morning. Feel like taking a drink?"

Wait till I put this article under blue glass. Bluely, WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Spring Styles.

FASHION'S vagaries are numerous for this and the next season. Perhaps for years the *beau monde* has not been presented with such an array of prismatic hues in toilet embellishments and statuesque-like forms of dress construction as are now seen. Every part of a fashionable costume exhibits artistic taste and superior skill in the manner of designing. Outlines of the form will be distinctly seen, and hence it behooves one to give particular attention to the manipulation of dress.

The ruling garnitures are fringe and solid silk galoon, with scarf drapery. Mother-of-pearl, and also smoked pearl buttons are very fashionable. The sizes are medium, and are set down the front of the dress in groups of three and five. Bows of double silk and gros grain are very much used. Ornamental side pockets are still in favor, and many are now made separated from the dress.

Dark silks, black, deep green, indigo blue, and every shade of gray, from the palest to the deepest, are fashionable. The same dyes are presented in woollen goods. The browns, both in silk and cloth, are limited in shades, and this dye is the latest effort in the science of color portraiture. The ruling, or rather, the most novel, dress cloth is bunting, a material long known to the public, not in the way of clothing though, but as a fabric used for flags.

It comes in all colors, but the leading dyes are dark blue, bright red and pale ecru. A dress designed for promenade wear has the skirt adorned with a number of ruffles put on with gathered headings. The polonaise is cut very long and trimmed with self cloth fringed ends, and doubled at the top into two upturned plaits. This simple, yet effective style of trimming is exceedingly pleasing, and certainly reasonable, since bunting costs only from thirty-seven to fifty cents per yard.

Laces of all kinds will be generally worn this spring and summer for neck and wrist embellishments. Pretty flutings of lace and lace half-handkerchiefs, lace cravats and scarves, and lace collarettes, in various forms, will all be admired, and worn throughout the present and next season.

Topics of the Time.

—The new anaconda at the Zoological Gardens, London, is 18 or 20 feet long and measures 2 feet around the thickest part of the body. He was caught in South America and shipped to England in a large box. He lies in a tank of warm water and eats a duck every morning. His vorage across the Atlantic was very comfortable one, and his buff skin is shrunken and travel-stained.

—The pilgrimages to Rome to celebrate the Papal Jubilee, it is said, will be very numerous. As many as 20,000 are expected to be in that city in June. The Swiss pilgrims will be under the protection of a national committee. A French company will leave Lyons May 15. There will be a pilgrimage from Brazil and one from Canada; none has as yet been definitely announced from the United States.

—Secretary Fish, on a salary of \$8,000 a year, lived in a house the rent of which was \$8,000. His total expenses were about \$50,000 a year, which his large fortune made it easy for him to sustain. It has come to this, that no one but a wealthy person can afford to accept a cabinet position or a first-class mission. No government in the world pays its men in high position such piddling salaries as this "model Republic."

—Two loving hearts; a beefsteak pie, was. Early in March a breach of promise suit was brought before the Bodmin Assizes, the plaintiff being a widow, age 77, and the defendant, Richard Hamaton, age 67. They had agreed to marry, but on the eve of the day appointed for the nuptials the plaintiff made a beefsteak pie which was unpalatable to the bridegroom-elect. Thereupon he declared he would not marry her, and kept his word, feigning illness on the appointed day. An English jury awarded her \$50 damages.

—It is very evident that this country is rapidly turning over, not one new leaf, but a great many, in its rapid development of new sources of revenue—much to the consternation of the Old World governments and people. It is now to be added that the exportation of the excellent soaps of this country in large quantities has created a soap panic at Marseilles. Nearly all of the 35,000 people employed in that industry there are out of work, and wondering what to do next. Soap to France! Well may we ask—what next?

—More riches! It can truly be said that we are enlightening the world with something besides Liberty, and millions of dwelling and other lands are now made brilliant with the pleasant blaze of our beneficent petroleum. The extent to which the United States confers this oil on the world at large, however, great as it now is, is nothing compared with what it is likely to be after the Kentucky oil-fields are developed. Attention is now turning in that direction. The oil-fields are in the Cumberland Valley, in Madison, Pulaski, Lincoln, Wayne, Casey, Russell, Adair, Metcalfe, Barren, Monroe, Cumberland and Clinton counties, and are very rich.

—And, speaking of government service is this good story told of ex-Speaker Blaine, now U. S. Senator from Maine: Senator Blaine, in a conversation the other day, was asked how he liked the new Cabinet, and immediately told the following story: "Once upon a time a party of gentlemen in Maine started out on a hunting expedition. On the way they elected one of their number to the responsible position of cook, with the understanding that the first one who growled or objected to the cooking should take the cook's place, and that this rule should continue throughout the trip. On the first morning out, while at breakfast, one of the party took up a biscuit, put it to his mouth, bit out a piece, and immediately exclaimed: 'Whew, how salty! but I like it.'" As Blaine badly wanted the nomination given to Hayes the story is particularly apropos coming from him.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Decoying a Love;" "What Lily Accepted;" "Mrs. Russell's Defeat;" "A Bachelor's Advice;" "Sir Lawford's Wooing;" "The King's Dwarf;" "How Parovial Won the Spurs;" "The Poisoned Apple;" "Somebody's Darling;" "Pretty Mrs. Gordon."

Rejected: "Uncle Harry's Advice;" "Langley Hall;" "Miss Ludlow's Heart;" "At Nightfall;" "A Spiteful Beauty;" "Sailing up the Sound;" "How Love Won a Wager;" "Willing to be Won;" "Three is One Too Many;" "Good-night for Good."

W. R. D. See answer to Harry L. in last week's issue.

JOHNIE KING. We have a new story by Charles Morris, to be given in due season.

CARLE MERLE. Both stories good, but we have no need of their class and kind.

MAGOR. "The Headless Horseman" is called for so much we probably will reprint it in some shape.

THOS. F. The sketch was not available, nor do we care to see the serial referred to. That subject is not new to our readers.

MRS. MORRIS. We regard the poem as a coarse flower for a small garden. The aster is preferable. Send at once for Vick's "Flower Garden."

MARION LEE. We infer, judging by your letter, that you are hardly qualified for professional position. You neither punctuate properly nor use capital letters correctly. You must study if you wish to succeed as a writer. No stamp for reply.

R. W. L. Kennabunk Ma. If "popping the question" is so serious a matter to you that you can find no words to express your desires, we would suggest that you adopt the most concise and simple form of speech, and say: "Sally, or May, or Jane, 'will you be my wife?'"

MARIETTE. Silk handkerchiefs are fashionable for ladies' use, especially with street costumes. They are bright colors, or bright borders, to harmonize or contrast with the dress. Many ladies have them monogrammed or initialed. This must be done to order, unless you are dextrous with your needle and can embroider them at home.

KATE A. If your home influences are not congenial for reasons you indicate, you are quite right in accepting your lady friend's hospitality. "Children, obey your parents," is not an iron rule that denies a daughter all rights of her own. As you seem disposed to act sensibly, use your friend's favors as she designs them—for your mutual interests and pleasures.

CATSKILL JAKE. For first crop of peas plant Laxton's "Alpha"—the best, we know by fair trial. Carter's First Crop is also fine and hardy. For second crop use McLean's "Premier." Many ladies are planting use first Carter's "Surprise," and next, for latest crop, the good old "Champion of England." Plant first crop immediately, second crop ten days after; third crop and latest ten days still later.

CHARLEY ISARD. The Dardanelles are two castles commanding the entrance to the Strait of Gallipoli, in Roumania, and the other in Novia. They are very strong, and were built by Mahomet IV., A. D. 1659, to command the entrance to the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus. The Bosphorus is the stream connecting the Sea of Marmora with the Black Sea, and it likewise is very strongly fortified, so that Constantinople may be said to be almost invulnerable by sea.

ANABELLA BUDA, Ill. asks: "What substance or preparation, if applied to the hair, will kill the rust power without injury to the hair?" Any such substance as you desire would more or less bleach the hair, and must be applied with great care. Oxalic acid or chlorine, dissolved in hot water, will destroy the vital power of the hair, as will a paste of bisulphate of soda and lime. But, we repeat, all such preparations are more or less dangerous. Better not tamper with your hair.

LADY READER asks: "What is the best article to use for straining jellies?" Very convenient jelly-bags may be bought at house-furnishing stores; but the best home-made bags are made of stout, coarse white flannel. Make the bag long and narrow, and widest at the top. Put a hem around the top into which a stout wire may be run, fasten it in a circle so as to leave a wide round mouth. This is convenient for pouring in the syrup, and allows the bag to be hung inside of a jar to drain. When making jelly always turn the inside out and rinse in cold water after each filling.

"THREE SISTERS. We do not think you very wise to be so displeased with your names. Ruth is not only a beautiful name but signifies a beauty. It is Hebrew, and we know of no other form for it. Josephine is the feminine of Joseph, and means, 'He shall add.' Joseph is Hebrew, and the Hebrew form of the feminine is Josephine. The Italian form of the name is Giuseppina, the Portuguese Josephina, the Italian Giuseppina. Lucretia is a Latin name, signifying light, or calm. The French write it Lucrece, and the Italians Lucrezia.

BOSTON GIRL writes: "I'm just young enough to still call myself a girl, and am slender and rather dark, but have clear complexion, and a few brown hairs. Will you tell me what will make me a handsome evening toilet? I want something light, but cannot wear white or too much like white, or to it." Suppose you try a rich salmon, or a rose-pink, or deep tea-rose. If you use rose-pink silk, have six or seven yards of cardinal or claret velvet combined with the silk or claret velvet. Has such a room and pink is more stylish. Black velvet may be used with tea-rose or salmon silk; though still more stylish would be salmon silk and navy blue velvet (not too dark). Have the dress trimmed with train and elaborately-trimmed skirt; no overskirt.

HENRY N. G. writes: "I am engaged and expected to be married very shortly, but have lately learned something with regard to my affianced, which gives me great uneasiness. Some three years ago the lady was quite intimately acquainted with a young gentleman who one night, after a dance at a church fair, and then, merely as a matter of fact, they were married by a clergyman, and with nearly all the marriage formulae. This happened in New York State, although not thought of as such at the time, or by the parties so concerned, was it not really a legal marriage? And as the gentleman is now living, and unmarried, and there are witnesses to the ceremony, might there not arise a question as to the validity of my connection with the young lady, were I to marry her? I have no desire to break the engagement, but would like to know, concerning the matter, as to what steps it is necessary for me to take in order to render our marriage perfectly valid." It is before the courts, and the unpleasant questions will arise from the very questionable fun your lady-love indulged in. Still you can carry the case before the proper authorities, and without any public trial, and the "wedlock marriage" declared null and void. That will render it perfectly safe to enter into the marriage you contemplate.

MY LITTLE GIRL, Alexandria, Pa., writes: "Will you please tell me how to wear my hair? I'm pretty and easy way, as I have no one to assist me but mother, and she seldom has time. I am about seventeen. What color ribbon should I wear? Could you tell me of a harmless powder for the face? What do long, thick, square fingers indicate? Please tell me how to make a *mouchoir* case, and what is the meaning of the name? How is my writing? If your face is inclined to be low, arrange your hair in one braid, and loop the braid low in the neck, with a pin or ribbon, or braid to the crown of the head, finishing with comb or bow. If your face is round, comb your hair high and coil in a loose, careless mass upon the top of the head. If very fair, lavender, mauve, the palest shades of blue, pale green and green you may wear equally well. If medium fair wear cardinal, pretty shades of blue, marine blue, and rose colors. If you are very fair, have flaxen hair, avoid the use of all buffs, pale yellows, light brown, or ecru.—The most harmless powder that ladies can use is precipitated chalk, slightly perfumed with orris powder; or if you can obtain it at a Cuban cigar-store, buy and use cascadeira powder, which is pleasant and harmless.—The type of fingers you mention indicates a preponderance of physical and animal attributes over intellectual and spiritual ones. They are also indicative of what a person's choice of occupation should be. That he should not engage in any occupation requiring exceeding accuracy and delicacy of touch.—Purchase half a yard each of pink and white silk or satin. Cut to form a perfect square. Baste the two pieces to separate sheets of white cotton wadding and quilt in fine diamonds. Put the two pieces together, after sprinkling a quantity of *sachet* powder between them. Bind together with pink satin ribbon and finish the edges, inside and out, with rows of quilted ribbon. Lay flat, and fold so that the corners meet in the center. Fasten two corners with button and loop, and the upper two with bows and ends.—*Mouchoir* is the French word for handkerchief.—Your penmanship is very fair.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All advertisements in our columns stand on their own merit. We in no way endorse them. We insert none that we think are objectionable.

THE SUMMER OF THE HEART.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

Dear heart, I see you young no longer;
Our youth has flown away;
Like flowers which made the meadows bright
In long, sweet hours of May,
And now, with winter's snowflakes
Your head is sprinkled o'er,
But love's long summer of the heart
Will last forevermore.

Dear heart, I see the furrows
Upon your brow to-day,
And tears will dim my eyes, until
They hide your face away.
But they are happy tears, dear;
Though chill the days may be,
The heart I've leaned upon so long,
Is warm with love for me.

Dear heart, you wooed and won me
Long, happy years ago;
And hand in hand we climbed the hill;
Now, sunset waits below.
And though our steps grow slow, dear,
And looks are turning gray,
The love we gave each other then
Is in its prime to-day.

Dear heart, I've walked beside you
In sunshine and in rain,
And to your true and tender love
I never turned in vain.
Like leaves on some swift river
Ten years may drift away;
Love keeps us young forevermore
Although our hair grows gray.

America's Commodores.

WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE.

BY CAPT. JAMES MCKENZIE.

IMMEDIATELY after the war of Independence American energy quickly developed a commercial marine that surprised the world. Our ships were so fine, our sailors and commanders so efficient and resolute, and our ship-owners so enterprising, that the "Yankees," like the old Venetians, were popular everywhere. They ran to China, Java and Ceylon—to the islands of the Seas—to South America and all the Pacific coast—to Africa—to the Mediterranean—to the Baltic and North Seas—to the West Indies and Mexico—always on the alert for a cargo, and so prompt, trusty and ready for competition as to give Great Britain no small anxiety for her supremacy on the high seas. Without a solitary vessel of war to "protect" our interests, our captains pushed out to distant seas with daring assurance, and our ports began rapidly to develop into great commercial marts. Salem, Newburyport, New Bedford struck for the whale oil trade, and our Nantucket men became renowned for their success in capturing the great leviathan. Portsmouth, Falmouth (Portland), Newport, New Haven, New London, in the New England States, all had their fleets of traders and carriers, while Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk and Charleston were not only large traders but were centers of a shipping and receiving trade that brought our own marine in immediate contact with that of all maritime nations.

In such a school the men of our first navy were taught. With few exceptions our first commanders were admirable seamen, and, as seen in the cases of Dale and Preble, so of Bainbridge—the future commodore was a successful merchantman, knowing sea life and ship management literally "like a book." Ships were their pride; to be thorough seamen was their glory.

William Bainbridge was born in Princeton, New Jersey, May 7th, 1774—the fourth son of a reputable physician. His predilection for the sea betrayed itself early in life, and, at the age of fifteen, so pressing were his importunities that he was permitted to ship from Philadelphia. At eighteen he was first mate in the Dutch trade—a man of commanding person, resolute and of superior intelligence. It was a period of excitement, demanding all the best qualities of man and master. Europe was in the throes of the tremendous French Revolution. Great Britain was incessantly ailing her insolence and her spite by annoying our commerce in every way and by forcibly taking her professed "subjects" from American ships—a right she never abjured until she whipped it out of her in the war of 1812-14, which was mainly on account of these impressments of American seamen into the detested British service.

Bainbridge ran with an armed vessel, for his own protection. Sailing for the West Indies in 1796, he was attacked by a British privateer, though no war then existed with Great Britain. Being armed with four long nines he out the privateer in hull and rigging so severely as to compel her to strike, but could not of course take his prize; it would have been "illegal," and he dare not sink the impudent assailant, after she had lowered her flag, for that would have been piracy; so he went on his way—merely giving the cowed Englishman "a piece of his mind."

Another act, on this same voyage, illustrated his spirit. The British frigate *Indefatigable*, commanded by Sir Edward Pellew, brought Bainbridge to with her guns, and a boarding-officer seized a sailor named McKinsey, claiming him as a British subject, which he was not. Presenting him with arms, Bainbridge told McKinsey to shoot dead the first man who laid hands on him; whereupon the officer seized and bore off a substitute—as an evidence of British prowess and contempt for the Yankee skipper. Bainbridge simply said: "I'll board the first Englishman I catch, and will have man for man, for two can play at your game." The threat was treated with scorn—the very idea of a Yankee boarding a British vessel and impressing a British seaman was preposterous; but, within a week he did that very thing, and bore the impressed Britisher into Philadelphia. It was of course highly "illegal;" it was piracy on the high seas, but Bainbridge was ready to take the consequences, and he was never annoyed.

He was called to government service when, in 1798, a navy was rendered necessary, and then took command of the *Retaliation*, 14 guns—a French privateer captured by Capt. Stephen Decatur. Cruising in her off Guadaloupe, he was run down and captured by two French frigates, but was sent home, after a brief captivity at Basse-terre, with his own crew and other prisoners, accompanied by a French agent, who was a secret diplomatic emissary seeking to arrange matters with this country.

Bainbridge now took the brig *Norfolk*, 18 guns, and in her performed excellent service in the West Indies, conveying American shipping home—one hundred and nineteen sail in one fleet, from St. Kitts. He recruited in those same waters in 1799, as part of the squadron of Capt. Christopher Perry—father of Oliver H.—but was soon sent by direct orders from the navy office to cruise with three ships off Havana. This duty he admirably discharged—returning to Philadelphia in April, 1800.

He was there promoted to a full captaincy and given the old Indian gun *George Washington*—then a 28-gun ship whose destination was

to carry tribute to the Dey of Algiers! He proceeded on the humiliating duty of bearing the tribute of a Christian Republic to a Moslem subject of the sultan, and reached Algiers in September. Running direct into the harbor to deliver the goods and numerous presents, he anchored under the guns of the forts, and soon had the mortification of having his ship virtually seized by the dey to bear his own tribute as a vassal to the sultan. Rather than lose his ship and see his crew sent into slavery, he submitted to the order to run her to Constantinople, and so did, bearing a singular cargo of wild beasts, beautiful Arab women, negro slaves, silks and passengers to the Dardanelles. It was a very ridiculous but provoking affair, out of which Bainbridge came with credit for his nerve, discretion and mastery of conduct in trying circumstances, for, on his return to Algiers, he anchored outside the mole, and virtually defied the incensed dey, who had resolved to send the vessel again to Constantinople! He ended the affair by taking fifty-six French men, women and children, about to be consigned to slavery, and running them safely over to Alicante, and then returning home.

This impressment of his vessel was regarded by the government rather as a good joke, and his conduct so approved that he was assigned to Preble's fine vessel, the *Essex*, then just in from its celebrated cruise in the East Indies. In her Bainbridge, with Stephen Decatur, the younger, for his first lieutenant, sailed as part of Commodore Dale's squadron proceeding to Tripoli to watch the bashaw and his piratical cruisers, who then were seizing American vessels, and exacting heavy ransom for the release of Americans held in slavery. We may add to what has been said of this cruise, in our notice of its commodore, Dale, that Captain Bainbridge had trouble with the Spanish authorities at Barcelona, and pressed the affair so spiritedly as to extract an order from the governor "to treat all officers of the United States with courtesy, and more particularly those attached to the United States frigate *Essex*." The Old World monarchies were slow in recognizing the rising power in the West, but we taught significant lessons by such men as Bainbridge.

The *Essex* returned home the next summer (1802), and Bainbridge was superintending the building of the *Siren*, of 16 guns, and the *Vixen*, of 14 guns, when ordered to the frigate *Philadelphia*, of 38 guns, one of the squadron of Commodore Preble, bound for the Mediterranean, to bring the Bashaw of Tripoli to terms of peace. This cruise, noticed in our sketch of Preble, had for Bainbridge a melancholy interest. After some active and decidedly efficient cruising in the Straits of Gibraltar, and off Cape Vincent, Bainbridge proceeded on to Tripoli, where a blockade was to be enforced. Executing this duty the *Philadelphia* kept off to the harbor, and in chase of a little Tripolitan cruiser, on the last day of October, the frigate struck a sunken reef, not correctly given on the charts, and resisted every effort to get afloat again. The enemy's gunboats, swarming out of the harbor, soon had the helpless vessel under their guns, and thus she fell an easy prey. The surrender was made to spare the useless slaughter of his men, and Bainbridge, his officers and crew all were made prisoners. The Turks, by easing the vessel of her armament and stores, succeeded in floating her, and the imprisoned Americans had the mortification of beholding their fine ship brought safely into the harbor, where she rode at anchor under the guns of the bashaw's castle, in which they were confined, until her destruction on the night of Feb. 15th, 1804, by the daring exploit of Lieutenant Stephen Decatur.

Bainbridge and his officers were held captives, but kindly treated, for nineteen months. After various vexatious negotiations, assisted by the unceasing kindness of the Danish consul—through whom Bainbridge had been in almost constant communication with Commodore Preble and his successor, Commodore Rodgers—on the 3d of June, 1805, the bashaw accepted terms of peace, and the American squadron received all the prisoners. A court of inquiry, with Gen. Eaton for judge advocate, was held in ancient Syracuse, over the loss of the *Philadelphia*, and the captain honorably acquitted from blame (June 29th, 1805). In the autumn of that year the officers and crew reached Philadelphia and were all heartily welcomed home.

Bainbridge now resolved to recruit his fortunes in the merchant service (the half-pay or off-duty salary of a captain in the navy being but \$600). He made several voyages to Havana in the years 1806-7-8, on leave of absence, but was ordered to the President, of 44 guns, in the spring of 1808. The President was the finest ship in the navy. War was expected with Great Britain, but the immediate danger having been averted, in May, 1810, Bainbridge returned once more to the merchant service, sailing for the Baltic and St. Petersburg, but was captured by a Danish cruiser and borne into Copenhagen. His old friend, the Danish consul at Tripoli, M. Nissen, was then in Copenhagen, and soon effected the release of the vessel.

War really existing, by hostile acts, between Great Britain and the United States, before any formal declaration of hostilities, Bainbridge hastened home and urged the government into the formal declaration, which it made, June 18th, 1812; but it was not until in September that he finally got afloat, in the frigate *Constitution*, which had just returned from her successful cruise under the gallant Hull. To his command were also assigned the *Essex*, 32, Capt. Porter, and the *Hornet*, 13, Capt. Lawrence, with orders to cruise for the English East Indian trade in the South Atlantic. The *Essex*, however, was prevented from joining the other vessels, and the *Constitution* and *Hornet* sailed without her, reaching San Salvador in December.

In harbor was an English vessel-of-war of the *Hornet's* size. This Lawrence was left to watch while Bainbridge sailed along the coast and struck two English ships (Dec. 26th)—one of which, a prize, kept on to San Salvador harbor, while the other, the frigate *Java*, 38, Capt. Lambert, put about and gave the *Constitution* battle.

This celebrated conflict, commencing at 2:10 p. m., lasted continuously until 5:25 p. m. Both vessels maneuvered incessantly for position; but, although the American ship's wheel was shot away early in the action, and Bainbridge was wounded in the thigh, at the same time, the *Constitution* was handled so superbly that when the *Java* struck her colors she was a mere wreck—not a mast standing, bowsprit gone, and upperworks all riddled, while the *Constitution* came out of it with every spar in place and royal yards afloat!

And the mortality list was equally remarkable. The *Java*, out of a crew of 400, lost 124 killed and wounded; the American frigate had 9 killed and 25 wounded, including the commander, who, however, did not leave her deck during the battle. Lambert was among the mortally wounded.

The *Constitution*, old and rotten, was found after this action to be unfit for sea; so returned to Boston, February 27th, 1813, when she was laid up, and Bainbridge was assigned to the new and magnificent 74 ship-of-the-line, two-decker, *Independence*, then building at the Charlestown navy yard. But, peace came before this noble craft was ready for service. Great Britain had been thoroughly beaten; and never before was her power so really broken, and by abjuring the right of search she confessed her defeat. Had she awaited another year's operations her navy would, undoubtedly, have been terribly shattered.

In the *Independence* as his flag-ship Commodore Bainbridge ran to the Mediterranean, in the spring of 1815, whither Decatur with a squadron already had gone to punish the Dey of Algiers, and so actively had he done his work that when Bainbridge arrived the Algerine war was closed. He stayed to arrange definitively with the Barbary powers, who, now forced into submission, and beholding the superb fleet under Bainbridge's command, yielded all points at issue, and thenceforward subsided from maritime jurisdiction on the sea. To the Americans alone belong the credit of suppressing the corsairs of the Mediterranean.

His fifth cruise in the Mediterranean—with the new ship *Columbus*, of 80 guns, was made in 1820, to show the European powers the then condition of the American navy. The squadron was one of the finest ever seen in Eastern waters.

This was the commodore's last cruise. The continued state of peace gave the navy nothing to do. He commanded successively in the navy yards of Charlestown, Washington and Philadelphia—was at the head of the Board of Navy Commissioners—then returned to Charlestown; but health utterly breaking down he returned to his family to die—of a wasting diarrhoea. His death occurred July 28th, 1833, in Philadelphia, where Dale had died, seven years before.

NELLY.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Oh, have you seen Nelly?
As fair as a lily,
With eyes like a pansy,
So thoughtful and sweet,
Your whole heart beguiling,
Oh, was she slow smiling,
Triumphing thus softly,
Her conquest complete?

Avoid her, oh, stranger,
For you are in danger,
For every ranger
That travels this way,
Leaves with an aching
Sad heart, that is breaking,
That Nelly has tossed
As a pasture, at play.

Trust her completely,
Though smiling and sweet,
With blushes full fleetly,
Her face flushing o'er;
Oh, Nelly is faithless,
You cannot pass scathless,
If you heed not my warning,
Her beauty before.

The Girl Rivals:

OR,

THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

STRAIGHT INTO THE SNARE.

"I AM tired, tired, tired of everything!" exclaimed Honoria, on the following morning, as she sauntered idly out of the breakfast-room and met her companion in the hall, who had finished her breakfast some time before and now stood looking up at the lovely face of a statue of Psyche who held a flaming torch at the foot of the grand staircase.

Mildred started, when she was addressed, like some guilty creature. She was pale, for contending fears and desires had deprived her of sleep, and looked sad; but she said, very gently:

"What can I do to rest you, Miss Appleton?"

"Come in the music-room here. It is cool, and the air wafted up from the flower-bed is delicious. Aunt Esther wants me to go shopping with her—but I will not deprecate such a June morning as this by spending it in shops—not I! Yet I am just as tired of this wearisome world as if it were not summer, and there were no roses peeping over that still, there. It is I, you see, Milla, who am so tiresome. I can't get away from myself" and, with a tragic sigh, the young beauty threw herself down, in the most indolently graceful of attitudes, into the arms of a *fauvel* whose pale-gold satin cushions set off her dusky hair and brooding, languorous, dusky eyes and peachy-pale olive complexion to the best advantage.

The poor companion looked at her beautiful mistress with a strange, wistful expression:

"It is so singular," she said, "to hear you call this a wearisome world! I thought it was only the poor who found it so."

Honoria smiled bitterly, as if she knew better than that.

"I will read you something out of this, Miss Appleton," said the companion, picking up a small volume of blue-and-gold which had strayed into the music-room. The book opened in her hand of itself to a page bearing two verses.

The girls made a fair picture in the cool, shadowed room, the breath of roses blowing in through summer curtains, and the rare old picture of St. Cecilia looking down on them from over the grand piano. It would be hard to say which was the prettiest of the two—the stylish mistress, in her soft, fine morning-dress of India muslin, her dark hair falling in *negligé* over her shoulders, and no jewels but rosebuds at brow and breast, caprice, languor, dissatisfaction, and a half-scornful interest in the words of the poem, revealed in her face; or the delicate, flower-like young companion, sitting near the window, a stray beam of sunlight glinting on her golden hair which shadowed her neck and cheek as she bent her pure, pensive face over the little volume, while her voice, soft, low and pathetic, trembled through the music of the verses. These were Tennyson's little poem:

THE BEGGAR-MAID.

Her arms across her breast she laid;
She was more fair than words can say;
Barefooted came the beggar-maid
Before the King's Chapel.
In robe and crown, the king stepped down,
To meet and greet her on the way;
"It is no wonder," said the lords,
"She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen;
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been;
Cophetua swore a royal oath:
"This beggar-maid shall be my queen!"

"Such things never happen in real life," remarked the reader, dropping the book listlessly in her lap.

Something in her voice attracted Honoria's attention, who looked curiously into the melancholy, drooping face, and then said, with a light laugh:

"Sometimes, I have heard of similar cases!" Perhaps this brought before her the image of her reckless cousin who had married a beggar-maid, off-hand. She sighed, after her little burst of laughter, and fell into deep thought. After a few minutes she looked up, saying:

"I wish I were poor, Milla."
"Oh, don't say that! You were never poor, of course, or you would not wish it. If I were placed where you are I should be the very happiest creature alive!" and Milla clasped her hands while the burning color rushed into her pale cheeks.

"And I am the most miserable!" cried Honoria, suddenly, and large tears began to roll down her face.

"I don't know why I should tell this to you, Milla—only that my heart is breaking and I must speak to some one. Yes, I am really, really very wretched. And what do you think makes me so? Oddly enough, it is this very money that you wish you had! I have it! It is making me so much trouble that I wish it were in the bottom of the sea. Now, Milla, if I tell you this, you must never breathe a word to any living soul."

"I have no one to tell it to, madam."
"Did you ever hear anything said about my uncle's will?"

"Not much," answered the little companion, with drooping face.

"It was in the papers—all about his leaving everything to me. I did not know but that you might have seen it. Well, Milla, there was another person who had a better right to the property than I. I was not brought up to expect any more than a small slice of it. For the larger portion was to be my cousin's. You must understand that, as a young man, he had a right to expect more than I, a girl; and uncle had always openly avowed that Otis was the principal heir. He used to say, laughing, that there was but one way for me to share equally—and that was—to marry—my cousin."

"Yes," panted the listener, whose burning eyes were fixed eagerly upon the blushing, conscious face.

"But I did not love him in those days," Honoria ran on, dreamily. "I did not know my own heart. I coquetted with my cousin, and teased him, until one day it came out that he had done—he had always been a little wild—a terrible thing."

"A terrible thing!" echoed the listener, in a low voice.

He had made a foolish bet at his club, lost it, and went out on the street, pledged to marry the first girl, under twenty, whom he met. He redeemed his word. He met a beggar-girl, and he married her."

"He should not have done it," murmured the poor companion, "for the girl's sake as well as his own, he should not have done it."

"You are right, Milla. But I have no room in my heart to pity the girl; she should not have taken up with such an offer. Well, when it came to the ears of his uncle my cousin was disinherited—driven out, penniless, to earn his bread, who knew no more how to work for wages than a child. He left this luxurious home which you see, and went—no one knows where. Then, when my uncle died suddenly, last winter, instead of having softened toward poor Otis, he had not only left everything to me; but there is a clause in the will which forbids me to share anything with my cousin. If I make him the smallest gift we both of us lose the estate, which then goes to a distant relative. Imagine how I am situated! I tell you, Milla, it is slowly but surely driving me frantic—mad! I never sit down to our sumptuous dinners—I never ride out in our elegant carriages—I never take my ease in these rich apartments that I do not feel like a thief—yes, like a thief, Milla—robbing my cousin of what is really his own. And the thought of his privations—of what his proud spirit must suffer—of the actual want he may be enduring—is it not enough, is it not enough to keep me wretched?"

"Then you love him?" was the singular reply to this agitated question, and the blue eyes, darkening and deepening, were bent piercingly on the glowing, tear-wet face of her mistress.

"Milla! That is too much to say! I dare not ask myself that question—for my cousin is a married man. He told me last Christmas—the only time I have seen him since he was driven forth from his home—that he had never loved with this wife of his—that he did not, never would love her—but she is his wife, and so long as she remains so it would be wicked, wicked, for me to say or think what you have said. Surely any one, with a heart or a conscience, would be unhappy to be placed as I am. It is not necessary that I should love my cousin to feel his wrongs. Why, child, you are as pale as death! Are you fainting? What is the matter?"

"It must be the heat—I did not sleep last night," gasped Mildred, on whose soul the words—"that he did not, never would love her"—had fallen like ice and fire. She made a desperate effort—oh, never must this proud Honoria learn her secret now—and forced a smile to her ashly lips.

"Poor lady!" she whispered, "you are not so much to be envied, after all! No, no, I do not wonder that you are not contented. One so noble, so generous as you, can never be happy while conscious that she wrongs another; no, not even when she is the helpless instrument of another's revenge."

This she said, by a great effort, to divert Miss Appleton's attention from her own uncontrollable emotion.

Then she arose from the seat she had taken at her mistress's feet, got the book of poems again, and forced herself to read "Locksley Hall" in a quivering, palpitating voice, sweet and sad as the moaning of an *Æolian* harp, setting the passionate heart-cry of the words to the thrilling music of her pathetic voice.

Honoria listened to the poem, with bright tears beading her long, black, silken eye-lashes, and grew a little less bitter in her mood. As soon as possible Mildred laid the book down and slipped away to her own room, where she walked up and down, pressing her hands to her heart, and repeating, "never did, never could love me!" over and over.

When she had risen, after a sleepless night, that morning, she had still been undecided whether to trust herself to one so treacherous as she knew Brummell Pomeroy to be. Fear of him alternated with a passionate desire to see the man who stood in so strange a relation to her.

Now she was resolved to risk whatever danger there might be; a wild impulse to stand face to face with Otis Garner, and ask him to tell her, truly, if indeed he could never love her—and if he says so, thought the deserted wife, "then—there is water enough in Charles river to drown me."

She had traveled already so far on the path of despair that she was thinking of suicide as a relief.

That afternoon Mildred came down, dressed for the street, in a simple blue muslin and plain straw hat, tied with a blue ribbon, and asked permission of Miss Appleton to be gone a couple of hours. Honoria noticed that her little maid wore neat gray kid gloves and the cunningest of kid boots.

"She has good taste," thought the mistress; "she dresses like a lady, though her toilette is so inexpensive;" and, "you look like some sweet little girl, Milla. Give me a kiss, and take good care of yourself," she said, before she let her go.

"How can you spoil that chit by being so free with her?" asked the prudent aunt, when the companion had shut the hall-door behind her. Honoria never asked herself such a serious question as that.

Mildred, pale and trembling, walked down to the corner of the next street at precisely five o'clock. Two minutes later a little phaeton, all gilt and glitter, drew up beside the curb. Mr. Pomeroy, attired in the best elegant style, himself drove the two black ponies attached to the dashing little open carriage. He sprang out when he saw Mildred, offering his hand to assist her in.

"Oh! Mr. Pomeroy, must we go in this?" she asked, shrinking.

"Not good enough for Otis Garner's wife, eh?" he replied, laughing.

"You know what I mean. It is too conspicuous," and Mildred looked as if about to run away.

"Not at all. I shall be proud of my fair companion. Otis may be ashamed of you, but I am not."

Mildred flushed with indignation at the latter part of this speech; but the wild cry of her heart to see Otis, overcame even her resentment, and her dislike of observation, and she stepped into the phaeton. As she seated herself she drew the everlasting blue veil over her face.

Brummell, taking his place by her side, suddenly, and as if by accident, sent the veil sailing off on the wind.

"Oh, my veil!"

"Never mind it. It's very unbecoming to you, little Mildred, and it's not worth my running after."

So saying, Brummell spoke to his fiery little ponies, and they were off down the street like a summer breeze.

Mildred was so distressed at the loss of her sheltering veil that she could hardly repress her tears. It seemed to her, too, as if Mr. Pomeroy took the most frequent streets, and that he bowed to every second person he met.

That he had a devilish purpose in doing this she did not suspect; but she felt very awkward and out of place—very uncomfortable, and ready to cry, as she sat by I side, while he bowed, right and left, to his fashionable acquaintances.

CHAPTER XIII.

"EVERY MAN'S HAND AGAINST HIM."

ON the morning after that Christmas frolic on the ice, which had ended so disastrously, Pentucket experienced the severest mental shock—followed by the wildest excitement—which it had ever been the fate of that good little town to endure.

The first person who chanced to be crossing the river at about the spot where the schoolmaster was supposed to have skated into an air-hole, made a strange discovery. In the first place it must be explained that the air-hole was not caused by the air seeking exit through a thin place in the ice; it had been cut through ice eighteen inches thick by the farmers of that vicinity that they might obtain water for their cattle; consequently, a person could approach to the brink.

The farmer, who came early that morning to dip water from the river, and who had not then even heard of the accident of the previous night, observed three things which caused him to look about him in surprise and apprehension. The first was blood—blood along a trail of about a rod, ending at the hole; the second was a bloody pocket-knife, thrown off into the alder-bushes along the bank; the third was, on the very edge of the ice, almost falling into the water, a man's fur-trimmed kid glove.

With a prudence which did him credit, the farmer touched nothing, but went directly to two or three of his neighbors; and these, in turn, sent for the town constable, who took the knife and the glove in charge, and scooped up some of the red drops from the ice, that Dr. Bolus might experiment with them, and say whether or not they were drops of human blood.

Ruth Fletcher had risen from her bed that morning looking like the ghost of the blooming girl of yesterday. She was deadly pale, there were dark circles about her eyes, and the eyes themselves had a shifting look of terror—and something different from mere terror—pitiful to see. None of the family had retired until long after one o'clock, the sad news of the schoolmaster's probable death having shocked them too greatly to permit them to think of rest for some hours. They had all liked Mr. Otis, and the fact that he had left their own fireside alive and well such a short time before, made the accident seem very distressing to them.

No one thought it strange that Ruth showed the effects of the shock so plainly. She had been a favorite pupil of the teacher's and he had been a visitor at her father's house. Such of the neighbors as dropped in to discuss the event expected to find that Ruth Fletcher took it pretty hard.

Several of these were in the sitting-room talking over the affair again and again in its every slightest known or inferred particular—while Ruth, with cold hands clenched together in her lap, stared into the fire as if she heard nothing—when a knot of girls, with two or three young fellows, rushed into the house pell-mell.

"Do you know what has happened?" cried the foremost.

"No," answered Mrs. Fletcher, while Ruth turned her head, gazing at them with strange, wide-open eyes.

"They have found blood on the ice, and a glove. The glove belonged to Mr. Otis—you know those gloves, Ruth, with the fur band at the wrist—but who do you think the knife belongs to? Jasper Judson's initials are cut on handle, and we've all of us seen him with a knife like this one. Now, what do you think of that?"

Ruth arose to her feet and faced them. She was white as snow, and her eyes burned with a terrible look.

"It only proves what I told him last night," she said, in a high, thrilling voice. "I told Jasper Judson that he had murdered him—and now you all know it as well as I"—after saying which she fell down on the floor unconscious.

When she came out of the dead faint into

straying, half lost, but always loved, among the other denizens of His world. All things had come to her through the crucible of her beautiful mind, had come to her softened, etherealized, sublimed; not at all as all things come to the wide-awake, common-sensed usual woman, but as they affected her, spiritually, never assuming their own unbecoming, actual shapes; as the poet looks out on the same world as the hind, and through his poet's eyes sees Divinity manifested where the other sees red earth and wet skies, so this Madonna among women saw a wonderful, Heaven-planned drama where the most of her sisters would have only perceived the common lot—common enough as they saw it! This slight analysis of a not unfrequent character will account for much that would otherwise have been impossible in the experience of this cruelly-used lady; had she been ordinarily realistic she could never have been imposed upon, cheated and humbugged, as we have seen her. And now, thanks to her dreamy quietude, characteristically undisturbed by practical inquiry into the facts of her situation, she was slowly recovering in the arms of her faithful child, saved from the knowledge which would have killed her.

Fearful of the chance disclosures of any of the numberless friends who were constantly calling to express their sympathy with Mrs. Valrose's illness, and to learn where the colonel had gone, Cordelia admitted no one to her mother's presence, and awaited with trembling impatience the return of her strength, that she might carry her to some far-away refuge, where they and their past would be equally unknown, and where the poor lady might live and die in the merciful belief that she was a widow.

In the mean time, what had become of the two men, ancient friends, whose criminal compact twenty years ago had ended in ruin? We have seen how, one after the other, they were induced by conscience—stirred by the German—to give up the women they had criminally taken to themselves, and how they had sought to make all the reparation left in their power.

Jonas Kercheval, ill, penniless and deranged, could do nothing but separate from Margaret and hide himself; Victor Valrose, however, could do more; he had a fortune, health and apparently many years before him. To his bitter lot then it fell to endow both the wronged women, to give up Madeline whom he loved and to return to Margaret, confessing the fraud which had been practiced upon her, and offering in reparation a husband's duty for the rest of his life, leaving it with her to accept him as her lawful husband again, or to exact a separate maintenance from him.

This terrible ordeal Colonel Valrose had been quite ready for, but Heaven was more merciful to him than he himself would have been, and raised an obstacle in his way which he dared not set aside. After that interview between the two penitents in Berthold's hotel, Jonas sunk into what seemed to be too surely hopeless insanity; one startling phase developed itself before Victor had had time to separate from him; having fully identified Victor as his old chum, his brother, the unfortunate Kercheval suddenly clutched at him, and would not permit him out of his sight. Supposing this but a passing caprice, Valrose bade adieu to the German, (who had begged to be allowed to keep Kercheval with himself, hoping to make a study of his case and to ameliorate it), and set out on his dreaded journey to Wisconsin; but a telegram recalled him from the first station he reached. Berthold implored him to come back; Kercheval was unmanageable. He returned, and found his old brother fearfully agitated at his absence, refusing to be comforted, and evidently ready to destroy himself if it was continued.

Valrose stayed with him until the storm seemed to have blown over, then made the attempt again; with the same result. Several persistent attempts, all alike frustrated by the patient's dangerous excitement, proved the impossibility of Valrose abandoning Kercheval in his present state of health, and Berthold said, with clearing brow:

"Give up your project—at least until your friend's life does not depend upon your presence; you dare not associate with him at the same time with Margaret. It would be cruel indeed to undecieve her as to his death, and you would assuredly do so if they were within the same city. Since it is thus, permit me to counsel that you leave these wronged ladies alike in ignorance of their wrongs, settle your property upon them as your sense of justice prompts, and, devoting your life to this your ancient friend and fellow culprit, hide you deep in some indiscoverable solitude, and wait the end."

And, with deep gratitude for the reprieve, Victor Valrose took the wise German's advice. He sent for his darling Cordelia, and receiving her sweet approbation, also, and her precious promise that she would visit him in his hiding-place as often as she could, perhaps in time bringing with her his true daughter, the noble-hearted Anne, she sent him off, bowed down, but not broken—penitent, but not despairing. Then the two men went and hid themselves in a quiet little establishment in the depths and on the heights of the forests of the Catskill Mountains, within a few hours' ride of the city, and there began to flow in dim, unrippled current past them.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

BOYS WANTED.—Men are wanted. So they are. But boys are wanted—honest, manly, noble boys. Such boys will make the desired men. Some one has declared, and truly, that these boys should possess ten points, which are thus given: 1. Honest. 2. Intelligent. 3. Active. 4. Industrious. 5. Obedient. 6. Steady. 7. Obliging. 8. Polite. 9. Neat. 10. Truthful. One thousand first-rate places are open for one thousand boys who come up to the standard. Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation. Many of them are already filled by boys who lack some most important points, but they will soon be vacant. Some situations will soon be vacant, because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare show their mothers see. The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts, the boys will be ruined, and their places must be filled. Who will be ready for one of these vacancies? Distinguished lawyers, useful ministers, skillful physicians, successful merchants, must all soon leave their places for somebody else to fill. One by one they are removed by death. Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into vacancies in the front rank. Every man who is worthy to employ a boy is looking for you if you have the points. Do not fear that you will be overlooked. A young person having these qualities will shine as plainly as a star at night.

GATHER THE JOYS OF TO-DAY

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

To-day there are sunshine and flowers,
Yet unheeded pass by the bright hours,
Until storms gather dark o'er the way;
Then we sigh o'er to-day's stormy sorrow,
And wait for the light of to-morrow.
Nor think of the glad sun-kissed hours that have
passed swiftly away.

Oh, why not gather the gladness,
And pass by the sorrow and sadness?
Life's joys are as precious as waste
In idly lamenting our sorrow,
And waiting the joy of to-morrow.
And in our hopes of the future forget of to-day's
sweets to taste.

The honey-bes sips from blown roses,
Nor waits till the last bud unfolds
Its leaves in the soft summer air;
But gathers from flowers that are blowing,
And thus a true lesson is showing,
To gather the sweets of the present, the future
has nothing to spare.

If mortals would follow this teaching,
And not in the future be reaching
For something to-day does not hold;
Yet we pass by the daisy's meek whiteness
To seek for the lily's grand brightness,
And so with unsatisfied craving we let pass the
moments of gold.

Though life hath its sorrows and losses,
And many and heavy its crosses,
And the sun does not shine all the hours;
Yet the world holds many a pleasure,
And many a precious treasure,
And if we search we will surely find that some-
thing of Heaven is ours.

The Gamin Detective; OR, Willful Will, the Boy Clerk.

A Story of the Centennial City.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. SOMERS' STORY.

"I HAVE been a very unfortunate man," said old Mr. Somers, to a gentleman visiting him. "Not that I wish to parade my troubles, but I speak of them with the constant hope of receiving some important information."

"I am in a trade where a good deal of important information comes in," said his visitor. "Perhaps I may help you."

"You are a stranger to me, sir, but I judge from your manner you can sympathize with a father's misfortune. I will tell you my story."

"I will listen, and make no promises," said his visitor, smiling.

He had called on Mr. Somers and asked him a variety of questions which some would have considered impertinent. But his manner was easy and quiet, and the old gentleman answered him without hesitation.

"I am a lonely old man now," he proceeded, "yet I have a son and a daughter, still living I hope, though I have lost sight of them for years."

"Indeed," said his visitor.

"It has been the one aim of my life to find them. I have not yet succeeded, and fear I never shall."

"Proceed, sir. Who knows but I may help you?"

"I was a poor man at the time of my wife's death," he said. "I have since acquired considerable property. I had an enemy."

"A poor man, too?"

"Yes, a mere vagrant. He smarted under some fancied injury that had done him. He attacked me near my own home in relation to it. He was a violent-tongued man and insulted me. I was hot-tempered then, and I punished him for his insults."

"Exactly, and made him revengeful?"

"My two children—my infants then—were stolen one day, in which I was absent and my wife unwell. It is not necessary to enter into particulars. It is enough to say that we traced them to this vagrant. He was sharply pursued, but we never succeeded in finding him."

"That was indeed a misfortune."

"It killed my wife, and has made me a wanderer for years. I have constantly sought that villain, and the two precious ones he stole. Alas! he had two well covered up his track."

"And you have found no trace of him?"

"Nothing of his charge. I have traced him, but too late. He has escaped me by death. His secret is in the grave with him."

"Where did he die?"

"Here, in Philadelphia. That is why I have settled here. I have hopes that the children may still be alive and in this city."

"This is a decidedly interesting matter," said the visitor. "It is certainly worth while trying to trace the children. What was the man's name?"

"Jake Johnson was the name he was always known by."

"Have you set the police force of the city at work on this search?"

"No, I have not much confidence in them. I preferred to conduct it myself."

"You did wrong there. A thousand men, well posted about the city, are certainly better than one man not at all posted. Please tell me all you know about this man, how you discovered him, when he died, and where he was buried."

Mr. Somers proceeded to do so, in a long narrative of no special interest to the reader.

And he kept up his vagrant habits to the last."

"Yes, but had not the children with him. I can trace him back for some months before his death, and he was alone during that period."

"He probably did not trouble himself with them long," said the visitor. "Men of that character, unless they can make some special use of them, do not care to be bothered with incumbrances. He has likely placed them somewhere where he calculated you would never find them."

"That may be so," said Mr. Somers, thoughtfully. "But where?"

"That is what we need to consider," was the reply. "I should go first to the most obvious quarter. Men of his kind naturally gravitate to the poor-house. He may have dropped them in some such place. Have you searched the books of the poor-house?"

"No," said Mr. Somers, greatly interested. "I never thought of that."

"You see where your fault was then, in depending too much on yourself, and not calling in the detective police. You forget that it is the business of their lives to search out crimes and mysteries."

"I wish I had met you sooner. It would have been better than the detectives."

"You are a detective," was the reply.

"You are?" cried Mr. Somers, in great astonishment.

"Yes, sir. My name is Fidler. I thank you for your confidence in this matter. If you wish I will undertake to work it up. I am in doubt though that it may be too late."

"I shall be too happy to have the services of a shrewd man like you. I see I have done you an officers injustice. But why have you, a detective, called on me, and asked me so many questions?"

"I will tell you," said Mr. Fidler, "since I am satisfied, from your answers, that I was on a wrong track. You know a boy called Will Somers?"

"I know no such boy," cried the old gentleman, excitedly. "If I did I should know my own son, for that was his name. Why do you ask me such a question like that?"

"Because you certainly do know him, and have had visits from him. It is that brings me here."

"I do not understand you," said Mr. Somers, in perplexity. "The only boy I know of is one engaged in Mr. Leonard's dry-goods store. He saved me from being crushed under a street car. I have been very grateful to him, and have called on him, and made him visit me."

"And is that all?" said the officer, laughing. "You do not know what suspicions have been excited."

"But Will Somers, you say. Is that his name? I did not ask him."

"Do you think it possible he may be my son?" asked the old gentleman, pathetically. "I do hope he may, for I have been strangely drawn toward him. I love him already."

"It is not impossible," was the reply. "Will has led a rough life in the streets. I do not know his antecedents."

"Heaven send he may prove my son," said the old man, with tears in his eyes. "He is none the worse for his rough life. He is noble, brave, strong and beautiful. I would be glad to call him son."

"And looks like you, Mr. Somers."

"Do you really think so? I had a thought that way. That is another important link."

"Do not build too high on this chance. You may be disappointed. It is worth investigating though."

"Yes, yes, it shall be, thoroughly. I must see him this very day—this very hour. But the suspicious you speak of. What are they?"

Mr. Fidler proceeded to give him an outline of the robberies in Mr. Leonard's store, and Will's connection with them.

"But do you think that my boy—I must call him my boy—do you think he had anything to do with them? I cannot believe it. He is too straightforward and noble."

"I believe he is perfectly innocent, and for the very reason you give. I don't do, though, for a detective to rest under a belief. We find, sometimes, the most honest appearance to cover roguery. I make it a rule to follow every trail, no matter how unpromising it seems."

"You have not much faith in human nature, then?"

"Not an overstock. My experience has not been very much calculated to make me trust people."

"I trust Will, then. I wish I could see him this afternoon."

His wish was granted. At that minute Will was announced.

He came in with his usual easy, indifferent air, nodded to Mr. Fidler, with a look of surprise at seeing him there, and shook hands with Mr. Somers.

"Back again, you see, according to promise."

"Sit down; I wish to talk with you," said his host, with suppressed excitement.

"Can take it standing up," said Will; "except on my knees, to talk me to death, and then I'd best vanish."

Mr. Fidler leaned easily back in his chair, closely observing the two.

"Is your father living?" commenced Mr. Somers, in the tone of a cross-examiner.

"Guess not; never seen him."

"And your mother?"

"Don't know as I ever had one."

"That is a strange story. Where did you grow up? What is your first recollection?"

"Come from a poor, wretched, wretched place to go to the poor-house," said Will, nonchalantly.

Mr. Somers gave a start, and looked intelligently at the officer.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Will," he replied.

"Why did you not tell me that before?" he continued, a glad light upon his face.

"Cause it was the same as yours. Thought maybe you might want to be making yourself scarce from the fact of that sort. I was afraid you might get too familiar. Calculated I wouldn't take in no relations."

"I may be nearer yet," began Mr. Somers. "I may be—"

He was checked by a sign from Mr. Fidler. Will looked at one to the other, with growing surprise on his face. What could they be after?

"I have never heard anything of your early life, Will," said Mr. Fidler. "I would be glad to know something more about it. Have you any recollection of the man who left you in the almshouse?"

"Not much," said Will. "I've heered he was a seedy looking customer. Wouldn't like to take him in now as my dad, if that's what's up. Don't know him any more."

"Where you alone?"

"Oh, no! there was two of us. I had the nicest little sister with me; or maybe I was the little one, for she was older than me. Poor little thing, I've lost her altogether."

"Mr. Somers gave a quick start of delight as Will proceeded."

"How came you to lose her?"

"We was both took out. I've heered that some rich folks adopted my sister, and wouldn't let nothing be knowed about her. I was took out, too, by poor folks. They made me work like a dog, till I run away and shifted for myself."

"Did you never have any curiosity to inquire about your father?"

"Not much. He didn't seem to care about me, and s'pose a ragged chap like me had gone there asking questions, what'd come of it? I s'pose they'd clapped me into a cell for a vagrant."

"Do you know your sister's name?"

"I think I'd forgot my own afore I did here," said Will, reproachfully.

"What was it?"

"A pretty name—Jennie—Jennie Somers," said Will, dwelling affectionately on the name. Mr. Somers sprang from his chair in intense excitement, and began vigorously to pace the floor.

Will watched him with surprise. He had yet gained no conception of the mystery; he did not know that the old man was burning to clasp him in his arms.

"I am not questioning you without an object," said Mr. Fidler, "as you will learn after awhile. I will have to carry this matter to the almshouse, and examine their books and make inquiries, before we can go further. It is a pity you do not remember the name of your reputed father."

"Who said I didn't?" asked Will. "He wasn't no father of mine, for I recollect he treated me bad. What's more, he left me there under a different name from that he carried himself."

"What was that name?" asked Mr. Somers, facing Will closely, and looking with eager inquiry into his eyes.

"Jake Johnson."

"With a loud cry of joy, Mr. Somers sprang forward and clasped Will in his arms."

"My son! my son!" he cried, "my long lost, long sought son! Oh! this is too great joy! Have I found you at last, my dearly-loved son?"

Will struggled in this close embrace, and looked inquiringly at Mr. Fidler.

"He is right, Will. There is no doubt that he is your father," said the latter.

With a strong muscular exertion Will pushed the old man from him, his hands firmly grasping his shoulders, and looked him sternly in the eye.

"If you are my father, why was I left in the poor-house? Why did you turn me loose on the world?" he bitterly asked.

"My God! I turn you loose! You were stolen from me by an enemy. I would have lost my heart's blood first. Oh! my son, can you repulse me, and my whole soul yearning for your love?"

A flush of emotion came into Will's face at this heartfelt appeal. He yielded silently to his father's embraces. Their souls were united in that warm clasp.

"I must leave you," said Mr. Fidler, looking nervously at his watch. "I will go at once to the almshouse. I will pursue this matter. Your daughter must be found."

"God bless you," said Mr. Somers, pressing his hand gratefully. "I owe you more than I can ever repay. Don't fail to tell me with-

out delay what you learn. Put everything to work. I will pay liberally for it all."

Mr. Fidler bowed himself out, as if eager to escape. He left father and son, with clasped hands, seated in earnest and loving conversation.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE INITIALS.

"Is Mr. Powers in?" inquired a lady's voice, at North 10th street, No. 1485.

"Not at present," was the reply. "But we expect him every minute. He does not leave the store till after five o'clock."

"In what store is he engaged?" asked the lady.

"At Brown and Felger's, on Market street."

"I will wait a few minutes, if you are sure he will not be long."

"Please step into the parlor, Miss. He will soon be here."

The visitor seated herself in the small, but neatly-furnished parlor. A few pictures hung there, which she occupied herself in examining while impatiently awaiting the coming of Mr. Powers.

"Brown and Felger. That is next door to Mr. Leonard's," she said, in an undertone. "Does that indicate anything?"

Her soliloquy was interrupted by the opening of the front door, and after several minutes by the entrance of a gentleman to the parlor.

He was a tall, rather portly man, with black whiskers, and a restless, shifting look in his eyes that impressed his visitor unpleasantly.

"Mr. Powers?" she asked.

"That is my name," he replied. "Whom have I the honor to meet?"

"My name is Arlington," she replied. "Miss Jennie Arlington?"

"Yes, sir. May I ask how you have learned my name?"

"I have heard of you," he said, with some hesitation. "You know I am engaged next door to Mr. Leonard's."

More probably you know of me through your friend, John Elkton."

"Yes, yes, very likely. I remember, you are engaged to Mr. Elkton."

"Have you known him long?"

"For several years."

"You have not been to see him in his present misfortune. He wrote to you but his letter failed to reach you. I thought I would call and request you to visit him."

"Why, Miss Arlington, he said, confusedly, 'I have really been too busy. I have felt for him in his misfortune, for John is really an excellent man. I am sorry for him.'"

"On what account, sir?"

"Of this unpleasant difficulty. I cannot believe that he is guilty of the charge against him. I do not know their proof, but think they could hardly have arrested a man like him without sufficient evidence."

"You should take the time to call on him, sir, if you have not lost your friendship for him. All his friends have been there."

"Then he cannot be lonely," said Mr. Powers, laughing. "The fact is the visiting hours at the prison come in my busiest time."

"Mr. Elkton and you were close friends?"

"He seemed to think a great deal of me," was the cautious answer.

"Then the feeling was not returned?" she quickly asked.

"Oh, yes! In a measure. I had much respect for John. For his part he would persist in feeling grateful to me."

"Yes, you had rendered him a service," she said, assuming a knowledge which she did not possess.

"Not much," he said, quietly. "No doubt, though, he had reason to view it strongly. I saved his life by pulling him from the river. It was enough for him to do, but he seemed to think it the greatest favor."

"He had reason," she replied.

"I begin to see through John's action now," she said to herself. "The gratitude of an honorable man is a strong feeling. Has he allowed it to make him take the place of a guilty man?"

"I would like very much to call on John," he said. "And will if I can spare the time. I hope he bears his imprisonment well."

"Not very well," she replied. "It is having a very serious effect upon him."

"I am sorry to hear that," was his easy answer.

"You know, I presume, the cause of his imprisonment?" she asked, shifting her chair so that she could look him more directly in the face.

"Not fully. It is on suspicion of being concerned in a robbery at Mr. Leonard's."

"It is on account of his having a small piece of the stolen goods, she said. 'He will not explain how he obtained it, consequently he has laid himself open to suspicion.'"

"It has a doubtful look," replied Mr. Powers, his eyes uneasily shifting.

"Though the public does not know, I know the whole affair," she earnestly replied. "I have learned where he hid the silk. You have seen this before, Mr. Powers?" she displayed the fatal bow, which had again fallen into her possession.

"I can't say that I have," he replied, looking at it very closely.

"Not in that shape, perhaps. But the silk, I mean. That is the piece of silk you gave John Elkton."

A slight, uneasy movement followed her words. He looked closely at the silk.

"I don't know what you mean," he said. "I never saw it before."

She rose to her feet, her large eyes scanning him from head to foot. He sat unmoved, with no trace of feeling or confusion in his face.

MY NEIGHBOR'S CATS.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

My neighbor's very fond of cats,
And keeps them so many pairs,
And when I kill some of them off
He'll go and get some more;
And often brings out five or six
More than he had before.

As I was never fond of cats
It's very plain to see
That living in his neighborhood
Is likely for to be
In spite of everything, a most
Unpleasant thing to me.

My neighbor who's so fond of cats,
And keeps so many pairs,
And takes such interest in them, has
Been deaf for twenty years;
And so the music that they make,
In fact, he never hears.

And that's the reason when I go,
As I do every day,
And tell him his confounded cats
Are wearing me away,
He doesn't understand a word
Of what I try to say.

And when I point out to the cats
That all around him stand,
He smiles, and says they're very nice,
The breed exceeding grand,
And thinks I'm complimenting them,
And then he shakes my hand.

All day he teaches them to howl,
And learns them how to fight,
And making them rascals
It seems his delight;
And all the yells they learn by day
They utter forth at night.

For felines I am very sure
I never had one I liked,
And when I kill some six or eight
I find, for my reward,
Next morning when one I killed
Is over in my yard.

And so it's very plain to see
I'm in a sorry plight;
The dead cats bother me by day—
And live ones in my sight,
And then next day he gets some more
Worse by an awful sight.

I never saw a cattery
On such a mammoth plan,
And to exterminate them all
I know I never can;
And so I think this afternoon
I'll go and shoot the man.

Cavalry Custer,

From West Point to the Big Horn;

OR,

THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGON.

BY LAUNCE POYNTE,

AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

IX.

THE Seventh Cavalry was lying at Fort Hays expecting the arrival of General Hancock every day, but with little to do meanwhile. To pass away the time the officers used to go out buffalo-hunting whenever they were off duty, but had done very little except to tire their horses and shoot away ammunition so far. There were some twenty officers altogether, and one evening they were sitting round the camp-fire at headquarters, talking over matters, when as usual the hunting came up. Then, as a matter of course, every man began to boast of what he could do, and several of them began to joke their commanding officer about his misfortune in shooting his own horse. Custer could always take a joke as well as any man, and this time he did not feel the sting of their jokes so much on account of having killed some buffalo since that time.

At last one officer, who thought himself a very fine shot and rider, offered to bet a champagne supper for the party that he could take half the officers and kill more buffalo than the other half could do, with Custer at the head of it.

Very much to his surprise, however, Custer took him up at once.

"I'll take that bet, major," said he, quietly; "and you can pick your men, too. We'll begin to-morrow morning."

The major could not back out then, and the bet was arranged at once. The officers were chosen by lot, into two parties of ten each, and it was settled that each should go out in turn, one next morning, the other the day after. The one that shot the fewest buffalo was to give the supper and pay for it. The senior major of the Seventh, who was too old and fat to hunt any more, was to be the referee and umpire. The parties were to bring in the tongues of the buffaloes killed, as proof of their slaughter, and leave them with the referee, who was to keep the matter secret till both parties had hunted. Then they tossed up which party should go first, and the lot fell to Custer.

Next morning accordingly, at daybreak, the little party was up, horses ready for the hunt, orderlies ready to follow their officers. Then they proceeded to count noses. Alas, out of the ten who should have been present only seven were found able to go. Of the rest, one was officer of the day, another officer of the guard, and a third had a scouting detail. These things could not be helped; they were part of the luck. The other side might lose men, too.

Without waiting to think over their troubles, the little party of seven rode off. A bad beginning may make a good ending, when there's pluck in people. The ground where they hoped to meet the buffalo was fifteen miles from the camp, and it was necessary to take along an ambulance to pack the meat, if any was procured. Each officer had an orderly to ride behind him, and each carried a pair of pistols, while several had the old Spanish cross-bow shooting carbine, which they found an excellent hunting weapon.

One of the carbine men was Custer. He had found from experience that one carbine bullet was worth more than three or four pistol-shots, and had determined to try the experiment fairly.

At last they reached the destined point, where the long prairie-grass ceased, and the short buffalo-grass began. As they topped a swell there in the distance was a small herd, which every one at once pronounced to be buffaloes, less than a mile off.

Now there was hurry and preparation at once, as you may think. Before the party lay a little hollow which would shelter them from sight, and into it they plunged, ambulance and all, halting in the bottom. There the ambulance was stopped, while the hunters dismounted and looked carefully to their horses. The saddle-girths were loosened, saddle-cloths set straight, curb-chains looked to. Then an extra turn was given to every girth strap, and the horses were girthed in tight and snug, fit to run for their lives. Every officer looked to his own mount; it would not do to trust to orderlies now, when a failure in any part of the harness might cost a life. Each man looked to his revolver and carbine, and all were ready. Custer gave the signal, and the little party rode out.

Now we shall see a real buffalo-hunt, no chance runs as heretofore. There are seven in the party, and two of them are young officers who have never yet shot a buffalo. They are all of wild excitement, trembling with eagerness, and it is plain that they will be the failures, if there are any. The other five are old stagers, including Custer—that is, they have been at it before.

They keep behind the swell, which slants away to leeward of the place where they saw the herd. At the end of the little valley Custer rides up the side of the slope, and halts so as to hide everything but his head. Then he takes out his field-glasses to look at the herd.

"Just seven, gentlemen," he says, quietly. "Now if any one of us lets his animal get away,

it may cost us the supper. We are seven, too. Do you think we can account for one apiece?" "You can bet we will, general," said one of the youngsters, confidently.

Custer smiled. "I've been there before, young gentlemen. Look out you don't kill your horse, as I did, instead of the buffalo. Are you all ready?"

"All ready, general."

Then over the hill goes the little party, and finds itself only about a quarter of a mile from the herd, dead to leeward.

They take a short trot and ride straight at the herd. See! a movement among the animals, which see the hunters. Next moment away go the buffaloes, right into the wind's eye, in a lumbering gallop, like so many cows.

Away go the hunters, also at full gallop, speeding into a long line, spurring their horses like mad.

"Each man take his beast. Begin on the left!" shouts Custer, as they begin to come up with the buffaloes. Beyond them is a long hill, and the animals are laboring dreadfully, while the horses gain on them every stride.

Not five minutes have passed, but the hunters are within fifty yards, when crack! crack! go the pistols, beginning with the youngsters. Nothing hurt, but the horses seem fairly to fly.

Now only thirty yards divides them, and the hill grows steeper. Twenty yards, ten, now only as many feet, and the herd scatters in terror and goes away in all directions, hunters after them. Such a scene of confusion you never saw for a few minutes.

The pistols are flashing, and the loud bang! bang! of the carbines is heard every now and then.

See, there's an old bull down on his knees, the blood pouring from his mouth. Don't waste powder. He's gone, sure enough. There's another—a cow. She's stopped, another sure sign.

Look at the youngsters—they're both crazy. Not a round left in either pistol, and they've finished a buffalo yet. There goes Custer on his big horse, the new one, a great coarse beast that runs well for a sport, but all covered with sweat already. He's after the king bull of the herd, and rides on the right side. Up goes the old Spencer carbine in a moment.

Bang! and the old bull stumbles and pitches on its head, the blood pouring out of its mouth. The big bullet has settled it. Now another hunter has stopped a bull, and five buffaloes are down of the seven, while the other two have slipped off, and can be seen little way off, going down a steep ravine, head foremost, where few horses would dare to follow.

So the hunters come slowly back, and the orderlies cut out the tongues of the slain animals. Five tongues are not such a bad beginning.

Presently, up rumbled the ambulance where the tongues and humps of the animals were placed, while the hunters allowed their horses to rest and recover their breath. Custer's big horse was pretty well tired out, and he was early in the day; but Custer's motto was "never say die," so, after a short rest, the party proceeded on its way.

From the crest of a neighboring hill a second herd was soon descried, and a second chase began.

This was a much longer chase than the first. The horses were tired, the herd fresh. Custer's big beast gave out and tumbled down a ravine, after the buffalo, suffering a severe sprain of the loins, which disabled it, so that the general had to change animals with his orderly, and ride back to his party empty-handed.

As he returned, he met two bulls close to him, and gave chase. This time, also, he used his slow pace, trusting to find more buffaloes as they went. Sure enough, as they topped the first swell, there was another herd to leeward, and as the animals smelt them, they all started right up the wind, passing close to the party.

Buffaloes always run up wind, no matter what is in the way, so that this herd was soon within striking distance, without any chase. One bull went down first fire, the rest scattered, but the king bull of the herd charged the whole party viciously.

Then there was some fun. There were seven hunters at one bull, but he seemed to mind the pistol-shots no more than flies. He kept charging all the time, chasing first one and then the other, till at last a carbine-bullet brought him down, and the thirteenth tongue was added to their store.

Now the party started on its return home, for the horses could not have got up another run. It was resolved that the contest must stand on thirteen.

It was a long march home, and the day was hot, but every one was much elated with the party's success. Custer had killed two buffaloes himself, and only one of the party had failed to do the same. It remained to be seen what their rivals would do next day.

Arrived in camp, of course the curiosity was very great to know what luck the hunters had met with. The other side could not ask the referee, who had the tongues: that would have been unfair. The referee looked wise and said nothing, but the members of the party pretended to feel disappointed, and somehow the rumor spread in camp that Custer's party had only nine tongues. The orderlies kept their part of the secret very well, and when the major's party rode out next morning, the members were all full of the notion that they had only ten tongues to get to win the supper.

The second party had nine hunters, and started full of hope. They had extra horses, and were determined to beat nine tongues. The Custer party kept in camp, and the second party began to straggle back in the course of the day, two or three at a time, the last coming in with the ambulance long after dark.

Then there was a great excitement. The nine hunters were full of confidence, and began to banter their rivals as to what kind of champagne they would have.

Custer's party only smiled. The tongues would decide the question.

Every one flocked to the senior major's tent, and the leader of the party could contain himself no longer.

"General, we've beat you," he cried out, rubbing his hands. "You've only nine tongues, and we've got eleven. Enough and one to spare, old fellow. Own your supper."

Custer smiled quietly, and his party kept quite still.

"What does the referee say?" asked Custer. The referee, a stout, jolly old officer, grimed.

"Orderly," he said, "bring in the baskets." Two great baskets were brought in, and the referee was that of the major's party. Eleven fresh tongues were counted out.

"Well, isn't that a square beat?" asked the major.

"Not quite," said the referee, quietly. "There are thirteen in the other basket. Count them, if you please."

You ought to have seen those fellows' faces go down, as the orderly counted out thirteen tongues. The major recovered first, like a man.

"I own up, general. It's a square beat," he said.

And that's how Custer's party won a supper. The defeated nine telegraphed to St. Louis along the railroad, and ordered on the supplies, which reached camp the day General Hancock arrived. That evening they had a jolly time, you may be sure. Next day the Seventh Cavalry received orders to march on a scout.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 363.)

Sowing Dragon's Teeth.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THERE was every evidence of wealth and luxurious taste in the dainty little room where Agnes Laurent had lain, helpless and wearied, impatient and fretting for three long years. The walls had been tinted just the shade that least exposed the sallowness of her poor thin cheeks; the fluting silk and lace draperies harmonized with her dark, luster-circled eyes and jetty hair; there were pictures and flowers, and books and all kinds of fancy work; there were all imaginable devices to make the weary days pass pleasantly, but nothing could or ever would remove the unrest and the woe and discontent from Agnes Laurent's eyes.

It was undeniably hard—terribly hard to be doomed as she had been doomed—all in a moment, almost—to suddenly change her life of magnificent pleasure and activity and continual search after excitement and entertainment to this horrible, hopeless helplessness.

She had been very beautiful—one could see the traces of wonderful beauty in the fair, broad forehead, the thick, arching brows, the outline of the patrician face; she had been the gayest of the gay, and always the queen wherever she went. Her jewels, her toilet, her carriages, her horses, her house, her entertainments were subjects to be discussed, admired and envied. In the dance Mrs. Laurent was never equaled for grace, and repose, and dignity; on horseback, her easy, graceful, every-where she took her beautiful face and matchless figure she was instantly acknowledged best and fairest.

And now—she could not bear it, she could not! She had been trying to bear it all the long years of her imprisonment, but her rebellious spirit could not learn submission, and the misery in her eyes deepened with the increasing sallowness of her once pearly complexion, and the querulousness of her once sweetly melodious voice grew upon her in proportion as the roundness and beauty of her old self vanished.

It was awful to contemplate—this hopeless looking forward to the rest of her shattered life. She was in no danger of dying the physicians had told her, but she certainly would not die until she had seen the day when she looked with almost insane eagerness and that was her husband's love.

She fairly worshipped him. She had always worshipped him, from the time when his handsome face had looked down at her, and his blue eyes smiled in her dark ones, from the time when she had so unceremoniously thrown over a lover to whom she was engaged, and betrothed herself to Howard Laurent, over whom all the women were raving.

It was little wonder that he married Agnes Adair—so lovely, so wealthy, so popular as she was, while he, except for his fascinating manners and his magnificent beauty, had nothing.

But from the very first she loved him, and less than a year married, and began the new life surrounded by all that money and taste could procure, and Agnes Laurent was wildly, feverishly happy with her handsome, gallant husband to whom she had given all, and who in return had but to devote himself to her.

He certainly did, in those few months of riotous revelry that followed their marriage, when life was one succession of rose-colored dreams so beautifully vivid it became difficult to imagine it real.

And then, before a year had passed, happened the terrible accident the shadow of which was never to be lifted off the woman on whom it fell, and amid all the fighting and struggling against Fate, amid all the bodily suffering she endured, and all the hopelessness of her lot, she looked forward there only remained to her this one comfort of her husband's love and sympathy and devotion.

And she had them—all—for a time. And then, when it was natural, when she took into consideration the fact that he was a man, and strong and healthy and impatient, as most men are, of the quiet and restraints of the sick room.

And Agnes was so quick to notice the facts—her heart helped on her, and would by her demands on him, and how his calls on her were plainly those of duty rather than of love, her poor soul yearned so cravingly.

Then—of course it all came by degrees—I think such mighty passions never come forth all at once, but gradually, it came to Mrs. Laurent that her husband did not love her any longer, and the anguish of the knowledge, for a time, almost killed her, weak, suffering that she was.

But hearts—even loving women's hearts—do not break so easily as that, and after a time there came, along with the pain that did not kill, a fierce, gnawing jealousy, of whom she did not know, could not guess, yet that there was one who had been the especial means of making her love forget her, she was sure as sure as death.

And she had seen and heard conclusive proof.

At this pitiful time, it seemed to her she never before had known the full horror of being a helpless, helpless woman, powerless to do the behests of her will. It seemed to her she was ready to fly with furious rage and pain, with mad determination to find out why it was that the one man she loved no longer gave her the attention and devotion she felt was doubly her due.

It was revealed to her through a common enough way—it came to her with no seeking of her own, as she lay there powerless to redress her own wrongs. Someone who pitied her, and her restless, impatient, and dimpled cheeks, and hair like fine golden threads—quiet, gentle, retired, the very last one in all the world to whom this wife's suspicions would have gone out.

After that, Mrs. Laurent watched with a horrible patience, only exceeded by her agony of rage and jealousy; she watched and waited as best she could, and with her surmises directed by certainty, was not long in satisfying herself that her husband was calculating on her death, and had arranged with Edith that she was to be his wife.

It was awful, horrible! It was no wonder that Agnes grew worse in her disease, when her mind was so tortured, her heart so rent, her evil passions of rage, hate, and jealousy so fed upon; and then she decided that Edith Ross should go, away—away where she could not carry on her shameless, cruel flirtation under the very eyes of her mistress.

Mrs. Laurent sent for her, and the girl came, tantalizingly beautiful to the poor, sick creature, helpless on her back.

"I want you to get out of this house at once—you bold, wicked, unprincipled woman! I have heard it all; I know your shameful ambition; I will kill you for stealing my husband from me—me whom you wish dead because you! But I'll not die—I will not die! I will live to punish you, you bare-faced, bold-eyed thing! Don't stand there and smile—don't come near enough to me, or I believe I could reach out and kill you, or spoil your beauty forever! Go away, this very hour, and if you ever darken a door of this house again I will kill you—I will certainly do it!"

She was almost beside herself with fury and wretchedness, and despite her sneering, smiling face, Edith Ross' heart quivered with something very akin to fear as she stared at the deathly white face, the fiery, sunken eyes, the blue, convulsed lips.

"Of course I'll go, madam; but," she grew brave at the sound of her own voice, and her dainty little teeth showed in a smile, "remember how—Mr. Laurent will know where I go."

Mrs. Laurent was trembling from head to foot of her poor, weak body.

"Go, go! If you ever come near me again, or ever cross the threshold of this house again I'll kill you—dead or alive! I'll be the death of you! Go! Go!"

And when Edith was gracefully, daintily walking out the street with Mr. Laurent at her side, poor Agnes Laurent was lying in terrible convulsions in her room, out of which she never came to consciousness again, during the three days she lived.

After that, there was a silent, gloomy house for a while, and then people began to say that a second wife was on hand, and soon after that on it was verified by Edith Ross coming to be wife and lady of the house where she had so cruelly conspired against her dead and gone mistress.

There had been a long bridal tour before Mr. Laurent brought his wife home, beautiful, happy, and elated, to enjoy her grand triumph and the elegance and luxury bought by the money of the dead woman, who had justly hated her so well.

"She lost—I won! She died with threatenings on her lips that were as ridiculous as the passing fear I felt at sight of her ghastly face. She swore to murder me if I ever darkened her doors again—and here I am, installed in her very place—enjoying what she paid for—happy, secure in her home, in her husband's—my husband's love. She lost—I won, and those who win can laugh."

She was standing before the dressing-mirror, smiling at her fair reflection, and curling and incurling one loose thick tress of golden blonde hair that swept from her coiffure over her shapely shoulder.

Then the triumphant smile on her face suddenly froze into ghastly horror, and the radiance of her blue eyes turned to stony, staring fear. The face blanched to ashen blueness, and her hands clenched the objects she was touching, and a petrified helplessness seized her.

For, over her shoulder, as she stared in the glass with her horrified eyes—over her shoulder was smiling Agnes Laurent's face—Agnes Laurent's dead face and dead eyes, and set, awfully smiling, in the very perfection of patient triumph!

Was it an icy breath on her neck? Were they skeleton fingers that crept stealthily toward the fair quivering throat? Was it madness, or a waking dream, or an awful, awful reality?

The dull, glassy eyes glared over her shoulder, the lips were drawn back in a ghoul-like smile, the long fingers crept nearer and nearer the throat encircled by laces and jewels; and then the servants were alarmed by a blood-curdling shriek, and when they rushed in, they found the bride crouching in one corner, with foaming lips, and eyes from which all light save the red glow of insane fear had departed, with a hoarse muttering on her lips—mad, past all hope or cure.

And no one ever knew, for ever will know, how it was; while the bride of a half-year raves her life away in the padded room of an insane asylum, the victim of her own outraged conscience, to whom imagination lent its awful aid.

These words dropped as though unconsciously from the lips of a horseman in a certain portion of Doniphan county, Kansas, some ten years gone by, as he reined in his steed just within the edge of the timber that bordered the eastern line of Elijah Morrill's farm.

The traveler—for he behind his saddle was strapped a substantial valise—removed his hat to allow the fresh evening breeze to fan his heated brow, and gazed at the old collection of buildings with an amused smile.

First, the log-cabin that had sheltered the settler when he crossed the Missouri to win a home for the black-eyed girl whom he had left behind him in Ohio. In front of this was a substantial story and a-half frame of a dozen years later, and still a third front marked another era—of red brick, square, grim-looking and ungainly.

Besides these there was a log smoke-house, a hen-house and other out-buildings forming a chain that reached to the barns and stables.

If all that said is true, then Uncle Elijah had sketched his character here, where all may read. Ha! that must be the old gentleman, himself!

The traveler rode up to the stile-blocks before the collection of buildings, his eyes fixed upon a man who stood in the doorway.

"Good morning, sir," called out the young man, as the other made no movement. "I presume this is where Mr. Morrill lives?"

"He does on Sunday—rest of the week Uncle Life runs the place. If you want to see me, better bet your light and hitch. Supper's just ready, and I don't wait for no man," and, so speaking, the farmer turned his broad back and disappeared within the house.

For a moment the traveler seemed taken aback, but then, with a low laugh, he dismounted not far from his horse, and took the valise under his arm and entered the house. The subdued clatter of knives and forks met his ear, and through the long hall there came an appetizing odor of hot food. His hesitation was brief. A long look made him hungry, and, literally following his nose, he stalked into the dining-room—the one square apartment of the old log-cabin.

"Set down an' eat," mumbled Uncle Life, his mouth full.

"There must be some mistake, Mr.—"

"Ef it is, I hain't made it. 'Ef you're hungry, eat; 'ef not, set by ontel I ain't," growled the farmer.

Evidently resolved on accepting the situation, the stranger drew a chair up to the table and said no more, but his hunger was appeased, though his eyes were as busy as his jaws. He saw that Uncle Life was as old in person as in character. He was several inches over six feet, of an unusually powerful build, and would weigh not far from two hundred and fifty pounds—good, solid bone and muscle. His beard was full and like his long hair, snow-white, save a narrow strip below his chin that had, apparently, been stained with tobacco-juice. Just in the edge of his hair, above his broad forehead, was a cleft nose, the size and shape of a lemon. He sat in his shirt sleeves, the garment thrown open at the throat and breast. His only other article of dress—for he was barefooted—was a pair of homespun pants, dyed with oak-bark. He ate with a bowie-knife and his fingers from a wooden plate.

His wife, two sons and a daughter were present, but only one of these won much attention from the traveler; and before that silent meal was ended, he caught himself acknowledging that he had never beheld a prettier, more graceful girl than rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, curly-haired Maria Morrill. She—and indeed the others—seemed well bred, and strangely unlike the grim old patriarch who filled one end of the table.

"Jim," said Uncle Life, at length arising, "you go put up the stranger's horse; an' you, stranger, come long o' me."

He took a young man obeyed, a queer smile in his full black eyes. In a few moments Maria followed them, bearing pipes, home-made tobacco, glasses and a bottle of whisky. Placing these upon the table, she vanished from view.

"Stop that!" exclaimed Uncle Life, in his deep, echoing voice, as the stranger was about to speak, and pouring out a glass of whisky, he pushed it forward. "Drink that, then take a smoke. 'We'll look to business afterwards.'"

"I'll smoke, with pleasure, but I seldom drink—"

"I reckon you'd better drink, stranger," and Uncle Life slowly arose from his chair. "Ef I ax it as a favor."

"That's another thing," hastily replied the traveler, swallowing the liquor, though it brought tears to his eyes.

"Good enough! No set down an' have a smoke. I won't have one word ontel you've did as I say."

With another faint smile, the traveler obeyed the peremptory command of his eccentric host, and the twain sat blowing a cloud in perfect silence. Quietly Mrs. Morrill and her three children—all that were alive and unmarried of seventeen—entered the room and sat down. Then, emptying the ashes from his exhausted pipe, Uncle Life spoke:

"Now, stranger, we kin talk business. Who air ye, an' what ye want o' me or mine?"

"I'm a drover, looking for cattle. I heard you had some to dispose of, and came here to see if we could not make a trade," was the prompt reply.

"Yes, I hear you was likely to come this way, and so, as mebbe you noticed, we was sorter on the lookout fer ye. I've got the cattle, an' I'm always ready fer a trade of the tarmen suit. But fust—you had a good supper—all you wanted to eat?"

"Certainly, and I am ready to—"

"I don't doubt it a mite, stranger; but jest hol' up a bit. That was good whisky, an' pretty fair tobacco, seem' I raised it, eh? An' we've treated you like a white man, hain't we? Jest so! Waal, that was all fer the feller you said you was—an' yere's for the pizen critter you be!"

As he spoke, Uncle Life straightened out his arm, with a huge fist at the end of it, and the drover lay quivering in the opposite corner of the room, knocked senseless, and in twenty seconds more he was bound hand and foot.

How long it was before he recovered his senses he never knew, but he found himself alone and in the dark. As he tried to remember what had happened, he heard the sharp explosion of a rifle—followed by another and another, mingled with wild cries and yells of pain and anger. Then came more shots, and the confused sounds of a fierce struggle taking place upon the broad piazza in front of the building. This lasted for several minutes, after which came silence.

"I give it up!" muttered the prisoner, pressing his throbbing forehead against the floor, in the vain hope of easing the pain left by Uncle Life's hard fist and strong whisky. "I was a fool for coming here, after what I heard. But who would have believed that he was such a ruffian!"

The door opened and a bright light flashed in upon the prisoner, as Uncle Life entered, accompanied by Maria, bearing a candle. Blood was trickling from a cut upon the old man's forehead, and his dress bore witness to the fierce struggle he had so recently passed through.

"You've woke up, hey?" he said, with a harsh laugh, bending over the young man. "I'm right glad o' that, fer it'll save me the trouble o' totin' ye. Now your legs is free, git up an' travel."

"Not unless you tell me what you mean—"

"Jest as you say," answered Uncle Life, with an effort, he tossed the prisoner up by his shoulder, and, preceded by Maria, passed through the hall and out upon the piazza. "Now then, stan' thar," he added, lowering the young man to his feet. "Don't try none o' your tricks, or you'll far the wuss. I ain't in the humor fer foolin', you hear me?"

An exclamation of horror burst from the stranger's lips as he gazed upon the bloody scene before him. Two men lay dead, across the doorstep. Two others, their garments torn and blood-stained, were lying upon the porch, bound and helpless, while little Tom